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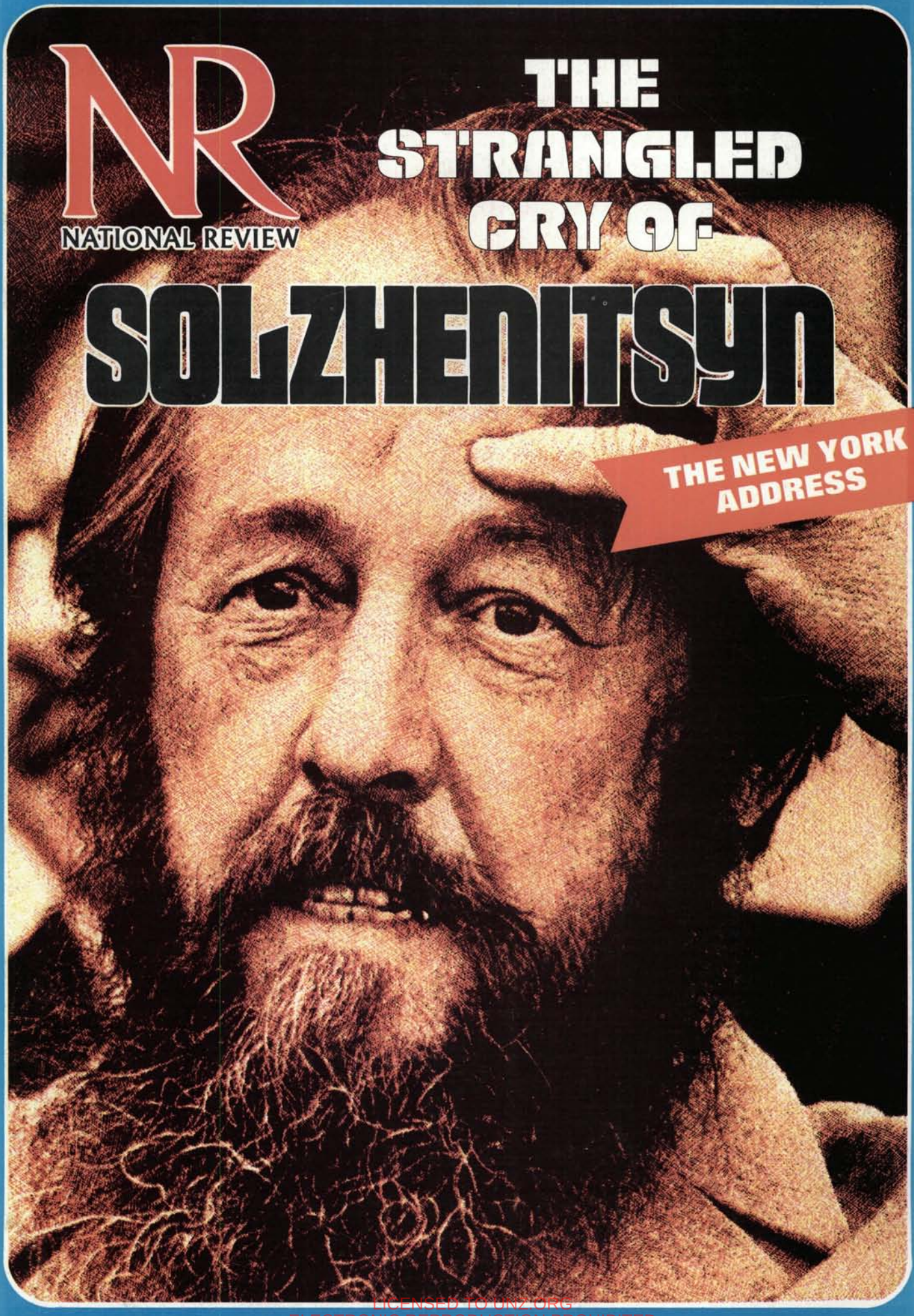

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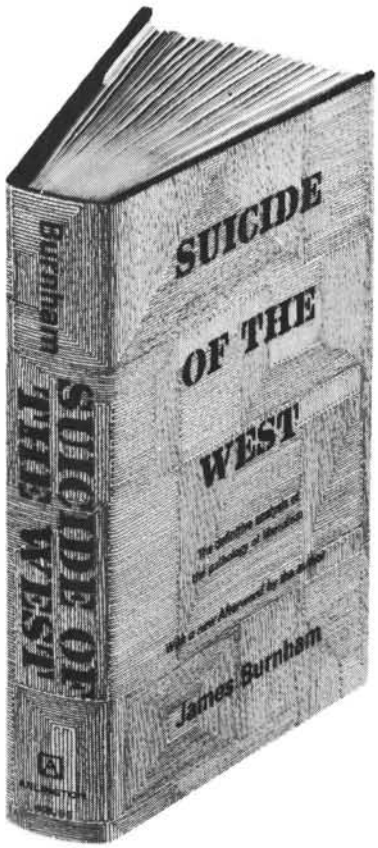

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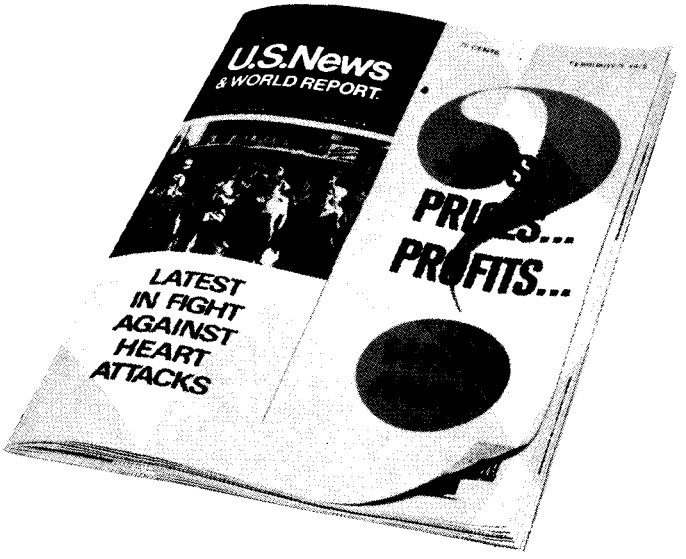

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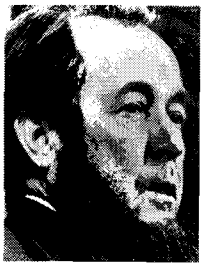

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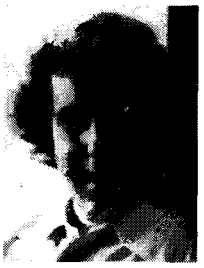

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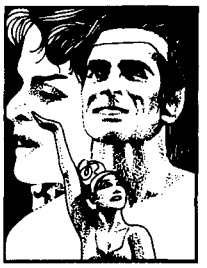

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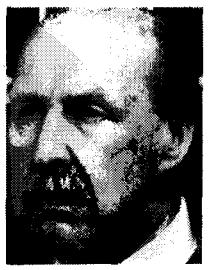

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ARTICLES

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The Western press seems to have written off Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn as a sort of heroic eccentric—no doubt admirable in Moscow when he stood up for what Anthony Lewis, in the barren dialect of the Western liberal, has lately termed "ideas," but quixotic in New York when he calls for "a return to the cold war era." The current line, in brief, is that Solzhenitsyn can be "placed"—and dismissed—as a right-winger. It is not without apprehension, then, that we publish a recent and almost unreported speech he delivered to the AFL-CIO in New York; for it would be unjust and arrogant of us to insinuate that he was especially "ours," when his words resound with import for every man who prefers to live uncircummured by barbed wire.
Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn
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Letters

The Practical Solution

Lewis S. Feuer has come up with the first good *and practical* idea of what to do about media bias I have ever seen ["Why Not a Commentary on Sevareid?" August 15]. There are plenty of equally good but less workable ones, such as starting a new, conservatively oriented network—talk about need for capital formation—or fertilizing the growth of cable TV. Either of those would lead, *almost* inevitably, to more difference of opinion on the air: a new network because that is the way it would be designed and financed, cable TV because it would make available so much more air space that conservative views would easily be able to afford the entrance fee. But Feuer takes the existing situation and posits a solution that could be carried out right now. Brilliant.

Mt. Kisco, N.Y. A. W. FARMER

The Rational Fallacy

In the debate on natural moral rights *v.* individual claims ["Letters," August 15], Professor van den Haag poses a deceptively simple question when he asks which group is conforming to natural moral law —those who hunt heads in Melanesia, or those who refrain from doing so in New York. He is quite right in noting that it is we, and not nature, who pass judgment on the issue.

But one cannot prove that natural moral laws do not exist simply by pointing to certain instances in which they do not appear to be observed. This fallacy is frequently committed when a strictly rational approach is applied to supra-rational concepts. In the realm of the supra-rational, "objective," logical arguments may seem to prove or disprove, but they do not necessarily convince. They fail to take into account the possibility that faith and intuition—even common sense—can sometimes go much further than pure reason.

Belmont, Mass. GERVASE THOMSON

Helping Hand

My memory is fallible, but I don't recall saying that planning in France and Japan is a "farce" ["We're All Socialists Now," July 4]. I said planning in those countries "leaves much to be desired." Yet their high postwar rates of growth can in part be attributed to planning—no small achievement.

If I were a capitalist—and I am—wanting stable economic conditions in which to do business, I would not poohpooh the idea of the President and Congress looking ahead several years to see what our resource, labor, and capital requirements will be. I would not even balk at efforts to make our economic policies consistent and coherent.

I would certainly dissociate myself from the quaint view that the economy is predominantly made up of many small producers and consumers who buy and sell in markets where wages and prices freely fluctuate with supply and demand, markets which are therefore self-regulating.

Since Adam Smith's invisible hand has been badly palsied with the passage of time, I would want to help it along where it fails to do its work.

White Plains, N.Y. MYRON E. SHARPE
Editor and Publisher
Challenge

Mr. Sharpe's editorial, in Challenge, *described French and Japanese planning as "forecasts to which nobody pays attention." Though no* direct *quote was intended, that remark seems to describe a rather farcical exercise in "planning." Ignored and frequently revised forecasts are a far less plausible explanation for rapid growth than the relatively favorable tax situation facing private investors and businessmen in France and Japan.* —A.R.

Correction

As I read over the published version of my article ["Is the U.S. Running Out of Gas?" August 1], I noticed one small problem. The phrase "nearly eliminating 60 per cent of the nation's oil production" is clearly not factually accurate. What I had written was: "nearly eliminating 60 per cent of the nation's oil production *as a substantial source of capital for future*

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exploration and production." The production, even at the $5.25 regulated price, continues and therefore is not itself eliminated. What is eliminated is the opportunity to sell that same oil at a higher price, thereby generating more capital for more drilling.

Washington, D.C. DAVID P. STANG

Church and State

I have read with considerable interest and some profit William A. Rusher's article, "A New Party" [May 23]. I find that I must respond to one unfortunate lapse in the author's perception of vital issues. His suggestion that "subtle animus against religion" leads liberals to defend separation of church and state, while conservatives oppose such separation, is inaccurate. My own studies of the votes on church-state issues in Congress over the last two decades and of seven recent referenda indicate that support for church-state separation is as strong among conservatives as among liberals. Many who regard themselves as conservatives in both religion and politics oppose efforts to breach the wall of separation of church and state for a reason that is the very opposite of the one Mr. Rusher implies. It is their belief in maintaining the validity and integrity of religious faith that encourages them to oppose any efforts to unite religion with government.

Silver Spring, Md. ALBERT J. MENENDEZ
Director of Research
Americans United for Separation of Church and State

And Liturgy

I read with surprise and some chagrin the article by Professor Dante Germino ["SLCV-ICET-WXYZ, and Hi-Ya, God!" May 23], who was highly critical of the proposed revision of the Book of Common Prayer by the Standing Liturgical Commission of the Episcopal Church. The misstatements of fact by Mr. Germino begin with his description of the new version of the Nicene Creed. It was not proposed by the Standing Liturgical Commission and then modified by the International Consultation on English Texts. It is wholly the composition of the ecumenical body of scholars known as the ICET.

Further, the *Credo* (I believe) of the Creed was not "dropped because it was ancient" but, on the contrary, restored to "We believe" because the original text was *Credimus*. If Mr. Germino had bothered to do a little research he would have avoided the absurd implication that either the reverend Bishops of the Council of Nicaea, or even possibly Constantine himself, said "we" believe "out of a wish to be relevant to the current sociological craze"!

Mr. Germino is on better ground when he is arguing the merits of "invisible" as opposed to "unseen." He is, however, incorrect on two grounds when he states that the Greek *ousia* is not translated by the word "being." Any lexicon would tell him this. Further, "substance" is not only "redolent of profound theology" but also redolent of a particular Latin philosophical connotation. One which I doubt Mr. Germino would find either congenial or intelligible.

THE REV. GEORGE C. L. ROSS
San Diego, Calif.

1. I am glad to acknowledge a slight diminution of the SLC's burden of theological and liturgical guilt: that body did not originate, but only eagerly accepted and promoted, the ICET version of the Creed. Inasmuch as The Reverend Dr. Massey Shepherd, generally acknowledged to be the principal architect of the SLC's version of the Prayer Book, was also a member of the ICET, this doesn't amount to very much.

2. I should be greatly surprised if Constantine and all the bishops at Nicaea said *Credimus* (We believe), since the official text was in Greek. Of course, it is well known (and not disputed in my article) that the text of the "Nicene" Creed in its original *conciliar* form began "We believe." But, as Professor Harold L. Weatherby has pointed out, in his "Open Letter to the SLC," scholarly authorities and the present SLC's predecessors as recently as 1953 have held that the creed was most likely singular in its original *liturgical* form. I trust that even the SLC will agree that in the "actual practice of the Western Church" the Creed began with "I believe" (*Credo*), just as my article stated. It is curious that the SLC should become "traditionalist" on this one point, when the whole thrust of its experiment has been to destroy tradition by thoughtlessly uprooting venerable liturgical forms.

3. In the Nicene Creed, *ousia*, as part of the compound *homoousios*, is properly translated "substance." See Liddell and Scott, and Denzinger's *Enchiridion Symbolorum*, which contains the original *Latin* version of the Creed. It reads *unius substantiae cum Patre* ("being of one substance with the Father"—as, indeed, the old Book of Common Prayer has it). Significantly, the Latin text goes on to add, in parentheses, the words "which in the Greek is *homoousion*" immediately after *unius substantiae*.

Charlottesville, Va. DANTE GERMINO

Advice for the Arabs

In his comments ["Letters," August 1] on my oil paper ["A Long Term Look at Petro-Dollars," May 23] Professor S. Fred Singer repeats the familiar refrain advising the Arabs to convert their oil quickly into cash (hostage capital, in my terms). Is his advice offered to all oil-producing countries the world over or only to the Arabs? If the first, it is nonsense; if the second, it is in addition another sample of that gratuitously insulting advice so

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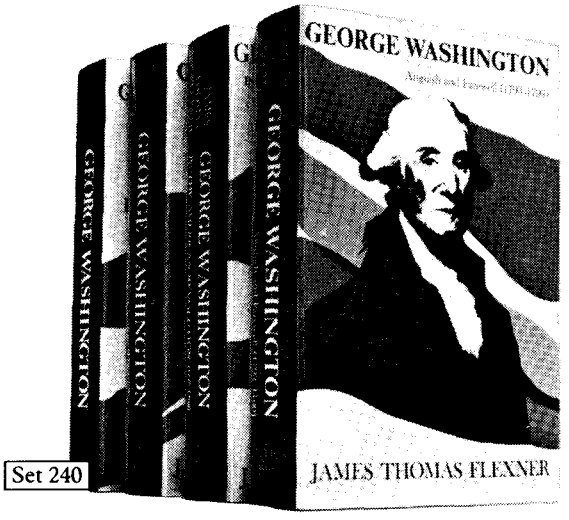

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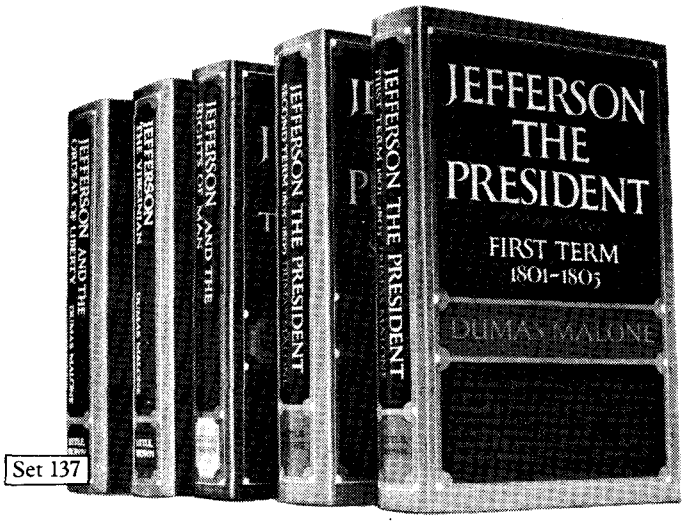

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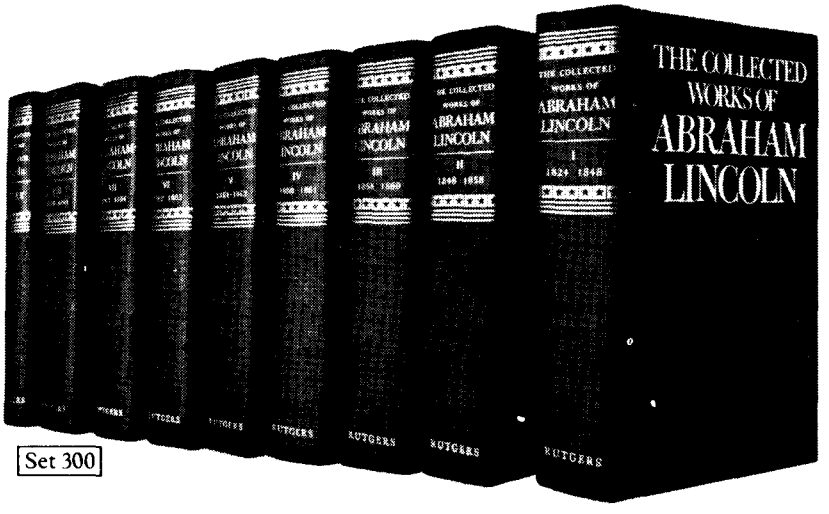

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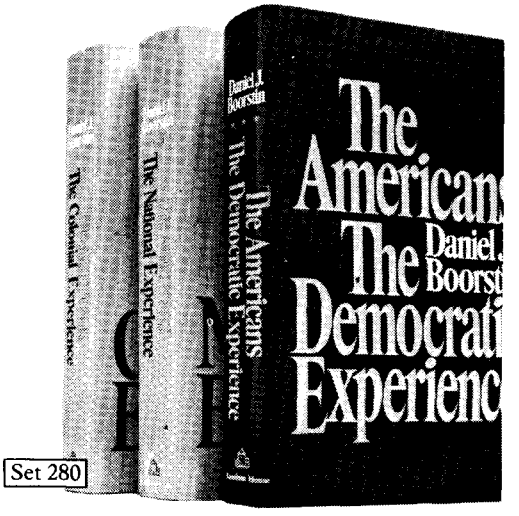

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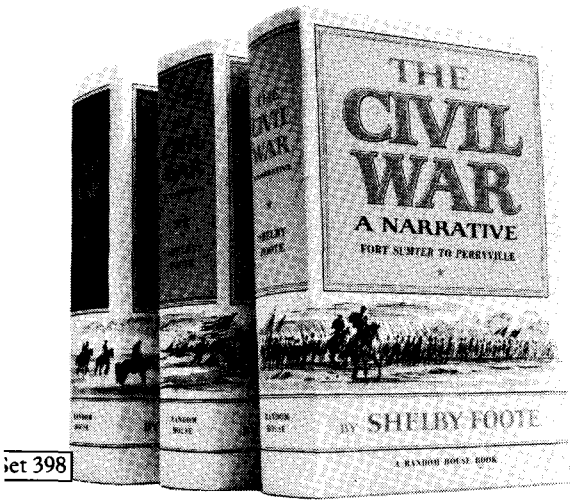

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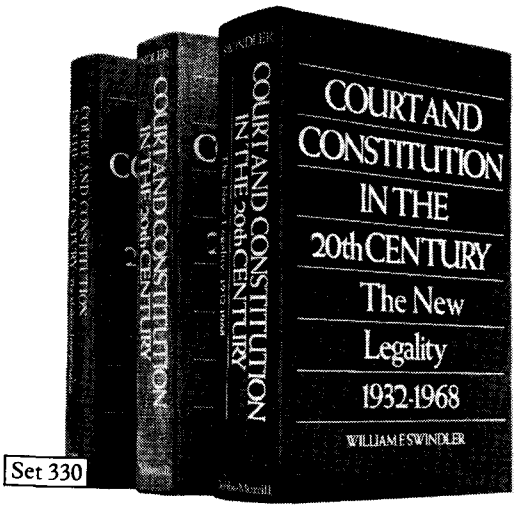

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FOR THE RECORD

■ **Ronald Reagan** has doffed his hat and is set to toss it into the ring. Reagan boosters are now certain their man will meet **Gerald Ford** in the New Hampshire primary (March 2). . . . Ford aides say their man sees no threat from Reagan or anybody else on the Right for several reasons: ever since *Mayagüez* his stock has been rising with conservatives; Reagan doesn't have a "Vietnam-type" issue; and more conservatives have been joining the Ford team in recent weeks. . . . Authoritative sources deny the *Washington Post* report that **Clif White** is the latest recruit to the Ford team. White, mastermind of the Goldwater nomination, was wooed, they say, but not won. . . . Ford hasn't asked for it, but his candidacy is getting assistance from his San Clemente constituency. Prominent Republicans such as **Barry Goldwater**, **Strom Thurmond**, **Hugh Scott**, and **Howard Callaway** have all got phone calls from **Richard Nixon** stressing that conservative attacks on Ford's foreign policy constitute "a gift to the Democrats" and (you figure it out) would "turn the Party back toward obsolete and dangerous isolationism with serious consequences for the nation and the cause of world peace."

■ When **Congress** returns in September its top priority will be restoring its public image. **Gallup** has Ford leading Congress 52 per cent to 29 per cent; **Harris** says Ford's ahead 41 per cent to 22 per cent; and **Sindlinger** has Ford ahead by a whopping 59.3 per cent to 12.6 per cent. . . . The White House will try to exploit legislative disarray in upcoming battles. The first test will come on **energy**. Ford is expected to veto the congressional extension of oil-price controls. Although the extension passed both the House and Senate by more than the two-thirds vote required to override, the White House is applying the pressure, and some switches are

Audley, *Sunday Telegraph*, London Rothco

expected. . . . The lines are also drawn on **tax cuts**. Treasury Secretary **William Simon**'s proposal to reduce the tax on dividends has been attacked by House Majority Leader **Tip O'Neill** of Massachusetts for suggesting tax cuts for "corporations and stockholders" instead of "the workers and consumers who support this country." Democrats, for their part, want to extend the $9 billion of 1975 tax reductions into 1976, figuring it won't hurt their chances at the polls. . . . Also set for September is House consideration of **consumer agency**, which the Senate has already approved. The measure is expected to pass the House and be vetoed by the President. The only question is whether Congress can override.

■ The **CIA** should have no trouble filling vacancies left by disenchanted employees. A spokesman for the organization says job applications tripled in January and have been increasing since. . . . Lieutenant General **Vernon Walters**, deputy director of the CIA, recently told American Security Council in Washington that the U.S. was in "a tougher power situation than it has been since Valley Forge." For the first time in the nation's history, a foreign country has the "power to destroy or seriously cripple the United States." . . . In a similar vein, **Peter Deriabin**, a KGB officer who defected to this country, says: "What is going on in this country is the destruction of the CIA. This is what the KGB and the GRU [Soviet Military Intelligence] have wanted to do since the CIA was established."

■ **Venice** recently became the largest Italian city to be governed by a coalition of Socialists and Communists, joining **Perugia**, **Florence**, **Turin**, and **Milan**. The infighting was so bitter during the reign of the Socialist/Christian Democratic coalition that not a single lira of the $460-million allocation voted in 1973 for the sinking city's salvation has yet been spent. . . . U.S. intelligence sources list **Thailand** and **Malaysia** as the next targets of Southeast Asian Communists. The sources say the Communists will be consolidating their control of **Cambodia**, **Vietnam**, and **Laos** for the next 18 months; during which the Thais and Malays are advised to prepare. . . . Planning a move to **Latin America**? Bring a large wallet. Chile's rate of **inflation** in 1974 was 590 per cent. Compared to Chile, Argentina's inflation is a minuscule 200 per cent. Getting down in the double digits: Brazil's is 26 per cent and Mexico is down to a tight 16 per cent.

■ The sharks are still doing fine in the waters off Martha's Vineyard. **E. P. Dutton** and **Saturday Review Press** will publish, in November, *The Inspector's Opinion*, a novel about a Scotland Yard detective called to the island to sift the evidence and solve the inconsistencies in **Ted Kennedy**'s Chappaquiddick account.

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THE WEEK

■ Gawsh, what a week. Gurney off the hook, Hiss readmitted to the bar, the Good Humor company indicted on 244 counts of selling allegedly contaminated ice cream, the Honorable 33rd Degree Mason Wilbur Mills facing trial for "un-Masonic behavior" in re Fanne Foxe, an assortment of Protestant and Mormon churches announcing they will seek credit card contributions in the collection basket (Master Tithe? BankAmiracle?), and out there at Camp Grayling, Michigan, 12,000 National Guardsmen got orders at 6:00 P.M. to have haircuts by 7:00 the next morning, with only one barber at the camp.

■ Federal spending rose by $56.7 billion in fiscal 1975, and exceeded the February estimate by $11.7 billion. Non-defense spending rose 26 per cent. Federal tax receipts were $16 billion higher than the year before (this is called a "tax cut").

■ The Securities and Exchange Commission is considering bringing suit against municipalities for failure to disclose their true fiscal situation when selling securities. Now, if the SEC would only take a look at Uncle Sam's practice of advertising the patriotism involved in buying U.S. Savings Bonds at a below-market 5 or 6 per cent interest, then partly repudiating that debt by running a double-digit inflation, then having the audacity to levy taxes on the interest—interest which wasn't even sufficient to offset the shrinkage of the dollar . . . If the SEC won't do it, maybe the FTC could go after the Treasury for misleading advertising.

■ Alger Hiss, as we were just saying, we have always with us, the media serving as a perpetual court of appeals for convicted leftists. (See "On the Right," p. 954.) Now we have the *Newsweek* account, entitled "The Pumpkin Papers," by Jerrold K. Footlick: "In 1950, in the midst of the red-hunting McCarthy era, onetime State Department officer Alger Hiss was convicted of perjury . . ." Get it? "Red-hunting"? "McCarthy"? Sure you do. (Never mind that Hiss was accused, indicted, tried, and convicted before McCarthy made the scene, the verdict being handed down three weeks before McCarthy's famous Wheeling speech.) Whittaker Chambers had "melodramatically" pulled the documents from the pumpkin, documents which were variously "fairly routine" and even (it now transpires) "ludicrously innocuous"—though they long ago took on "an almost mystical significance," especially as exploited by "a then unknown freshman [congressman] from California named Richard M. Nixon." Thus the question subtly becomes not whether Alger Hiss was guilty, but whether he was framed by Richard Nixon. Footlick ends by pointing meaningfully at the horizon: "Despite their factual insignificance, the newly released microfilms do seem to provide Hiss with fresh impetus in his campaign to clear himself . . . He intends to keep pressing for vindication." If there were a Pulitzer Prize for compressed innuendo, Footlick would be in the running this year.

■ About half the great moments in the UN are supplied by Daniel Patrick Moynihan, and it was lovely to see him, now as our Ambassador, holding his arm straight up to veto the admission of the two Communist Vietnams. Since South Korea had been denied admission a few days earlier, Moynihan explained, the U.S. would "have nothing to do with selective universality, a principle which in practice admits only new members acceptable to the totalitarian states. . . . We must not apply partisan political tests to UN membership. The United Nations cannot work if we do. It is because the United States has a desire that it should work that we have today made the hard decision to break with our practice of thirty years, and block the membership of two nations whose sponsors have refused to act equitably toward the application of another nation." Bravo.

■ During the past year we have been told over and over again that the uncompromisingly revolutionary strategy of the Portuguese Communist Party is an archaic exception in the contemporary world. Our wisemen assure us that most Communist Parties in our age of detente—in particular the huge parties of countries like France and Italy that get a quarter or more of the votes in elections and join Socialists in respectable united fronts—have given up all thought of violent revolution and are devoted to legality and democracy. The French and Italian and similar parties and the Soviet party and government have, we learn, strongly disapproved the Leninist excesses and crudities of Alvaro Cunhal because such tactics embarrass their peaceful, legal, democratic policies at home. But by some curious quirk it invariably turns out that at every critical point in the Portuguese struggle, the Soviet official media and *all* Communist Parties everywhere support the Portuguese Communists and condemn the anti-Communists. On August 8, Georges Marchais—leader of the French Communist Party that continues, with the Socialists, in the united front that lost the last presidential election by a single percentage point—laid it publicly on the line. In a public declaration, he pledged that the French Communists "will not let their brothers in Portugal be massacred," and he stated his hope that "we shall not be alone in the battle." He expressed his grave concern at the way Portuguese Communists were being treated in northern Portugal by reactionary forces determined on a "return to fascism." And he condemned Portuguese Socialist leader Mario Soares for "the situation he has helped create."

■ Coolheaded Clayton Fritchey has analyzed the situation in Portugal and finds nothing to worry about. "Portugal may or may not go Marxist," Fritchey said in a recent column, "but even if it does there is no reason

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to believe it will necessarily end up a satellite of Moscow. If the radical left wing takes over completely, Portugal . . . will probably turn into an independent Communist country, with nationalism—more than ideology—dominating Portuguese foreign policy. . . . On other continents, the Marxist leaders in countries such as North Vietnam, North Korea, Algeria, and Cuba have from time to time accepted economic and military aid from Moscow, but it is obvious that they still run their own shows independent of the Kremlin, and sometimes at cross-purposes." It's comforting to know that although the Portuguese revolution is being supervised by the Kremlin, with a little luck Portugal could very easily turn out to be merely another North Korea. Now back to the bad news.

■ Planned obsolescence, Workers' Paradise style. Last year the cable-making Shop No. 7 of the Moskabel factory, Moscow, burned down. It was rebuilt. A few months ago Shop No. 7 burned down again, and the workers were so bombed they forgot to call the fire department. It was rebuilt. A few weeks ago Shop No. 7 burned down again . . .

■ Bothersome though it is, the law is still getting a little attention from India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi. She got the word to come back to court on August 25 to explain just where she—or anybody else—got the authority to touch up the constitution so as to make her election retroactively legal and abort prosecution. The opposition says she's subverting the judiciary. But there's really nothing to worry about. If the courts get too vexing, Indira may, as one official put it, have to "take a look at the whole constitution."

■ The strategic objective of the Soviet navy—to cut the sea lanes now protected by the U.S. Navy—is reflected in its ship design, which gives top priority to weapons and propulsion rather than to range. A report from our Navy says this is consistent with the Soviet concern for a pre-emptive first strike.

■ The Red Chinese weren't terribly receptive—"We don't have any troops in North Korea," said Deputy Premier Teng Hsiao-ping—but nonetheless the group of American congressmen pressed their point: the United States "won't get out and fade away" from its commitment to South Korea, so Red China would do well to discourage North Korea from attacking her. The congressman who insisted most strongly on this point was Senator Jacob Javits (R., N.Y.). *And great was the wonder of Heaven thereat.*

That's-a Nice

Indians don't lollygag
  In Bombay or Delhi.
Mrs. Gandhi likes to brag
  India's less smelly.
If you call her coup a crime,
  Lump her with the meanies;
Still, her railroads run on time,
  Just like Mussolini's.

W. H. von Dreele

■ "Have you ever opened your mail to find a questionnaire from the federal, state, or local government asking you to disclose a passel of information about yourself?" asks Alan F. Westin in the spring issue of *The Civil Liberties Review*. Mr. Westin has had a brainstorm: next time, send the bureaucrats your own questionnaire. He even provides one, so that you can ask the feds, or whoever, lots of nosy questions about why they ask you lots of nosy questions. For instance: "1. If my answers are required by law, provide full citations to the relevant statute, executive order, or other authorization for such compulsory response, and attach the full text along with this answer. . . . 3. If my answers are required by law, what are the penalties or consequences should I refuse to comply? . . . 8. State fully the purposes for which this information is being gathered. . . . 9. Indicate why this is necessary to carry out a lawful function of your agency. . . . 10. Describe fully how the information I have given will be processed, used, and stored with your agency, including whether it will be used only in manual form, in computerized form, or in both. Also indicate whether it will be kept in a separate file or made part of a larger file of data about me." The Official Agency Questionnaire Explanation Forms are available for a mere two bits each from the Literature Department, American Civil Liberties Union, 22 East 40 Street, New York, New York 10016.

■ A political party that denies that government has the right to regulate the lives of its citizens? Wants to end the use of tax monies for foreign aid? Thinks the free market is the only economic system compatible with a political system that protects individual rights? They are all positions of the Libertarian Party, whose presidential convention starts August 25 in New York City. One featured symposium is entitled "Free Lunch Series." You don't get any lunch, and it costs 99 cents.

■ Accepting an award from the American Institute for Public Service, *Alternative* editor R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. had a few deprecating things to say about his profession, which has been a little self-congratulatory lately. "Actually I suspect that any public is always better served by its bartenders and morticians than by its pundits. The technicians of cocktails might spice their discourses with occasional exaggerations, but never have I known one to make a habit of scaring the hell out of his clients. Nor do bartenders abuse the enormous influence they hold in this Republic by making celebrities of one another." *Touché.* "The bartenders of America," he pointed out, "have con-

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sistently opted for a free society, and in this decision they are at once rare and admirable." But no more rare and admirable than a little magazine out of Bloomington, Indiana, which consistently opts for a free society at a cost of less per year than what you pay for a fifth of Jack Daniels.

The Spirit of Helsinki

"History will judge this conference not by what we can say here today, but what we do tomorrow; not by the promises we make, but by the promises we keep" (U.S. President Gerald Ford, addressing the Helsinki summit Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe). Let's check up, then, on how our detente partner has been doing during the first batch of tomorrows.

Item. In the August issue of *Problems of Peace and Socialism*—a Soviet publication designed for foreign Communist Parties—editor-in-chief Zaradov reaffirmed the validity of Lenin's 1905 brochure, *Two Tactics of Socialism*. Zaradov's article was reprinted in the official newspaper, *Pravda*. Zaradov particularly stressed Lenin's view that the "establishment of a revolutionary dictatorship of the proletariat and the peasantry is indispensable," and that "the revolutionary nature of this dictatorship is that it crushes reactionary resistance by force." Zaradov also reconfirmed Lenin's dictum that for revolutionists "the majority is not an arithmetical one but is, instead, a political concept."

Item. The Soviet painter, Boris Mukhametsin, engaged to marry an American girl (Charlotte Daigle) whom he met when she visited Leningrad several years ago, was sentenced August 9 to five years in an Arctic labor camp. The principal charge against him was possession of a copy of Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago*.

Item. Czech president and party chief Gustav Husak conferred with Leonid Brezhnev in Moscow on August 10. In a communiqué, both stressed their "firm intention" to implement "all the principles" of the Helsinki accord. No published report of this meeting, in the Soviet Union or elsewhere, felt it appropriate to mention that it was Brezhnev who ordered the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 and that Husak is the man he sent to replace Alexander Dubcek.

Item. U.S. journalists in Moscow applied for multiple entry visas, as guaranteed in Basket 3 of the Helsinki accord. The applications were denied.

Item. It was disclosed that the KGB had bugged U.S. astronauts while they were in the Soviet Union in connection with the Apollo-Soyuz operation. (Western journalists were not permitted at the launching site.)

Item. Two Soviet ships per week continue to dock at Luanda, Angola, carrying weapons for the Soviet-supported and -trained Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA).

Item. The East German government announced that the Helsinki clauses on travel across borders would not mean any easing of regulations on visits of East Germans to West Germany.

Item. Soviet restrictions on emigration continue in force.

Item. Construction of the Soviet military complex in Somalia—new port, airfield, communications, and missile facilities—continues, with more than 3,000 Russians on the job.

Item. French investigation of the "Carlos" ("the Jackal") shootout in Paris confirms that the KGB is giving active support (training, funds, weapons) to the extreme global terrorist organizations, including the Japanese Red Army and the German-based Baader-Meinhof gang, as well as Carlos' network.

Item. Moscow continues its active support of the Portuguese Communists, sending in several million dollars a month, substantial shipments of weapons, and hundreds of trained cadres. The Soviet Union, all other Communist nations, and the global Communist apparatus give the Portuguese Communists continuous political backing.

Item. The Soviet government demonstrates its total adherence to the Helsinki accord on August 11 by denouncing the first violation of the Spirit of Helsinki. The member countries of the European Common Market, taking note of what was going on in Portugal, postponed until autumn a decision on whether to give major economic aid to the Portuguese government. *Pravda*, commenting on this decision, declared that to make aid thus dependent on what happened inside Portugal was "to interfere directly in the internal affairs of the Portuguese. . . . Is it not time to begin fulfilling the obligations undertaken by the representatives of the Western powers at the Helsinki conference concerning no interference in the internal affairs of other peoples?"

President Ford, again at the signing ceremony at Helsinki: "People are thoroughly tired of having their hopes raised and then shattered by empty words and unfulfilled pledges."

Reagan Must Run

The Washington office of the Citizens for Reagan Committee professes to be 95 per cent sure that Reagan is going to run for the Republican nomination, and John Sears, the chief Reagan political operative, says that he himself is sure that Reagan is going to enter the New Hampshire primary. Reagan fund-raising efforts are proceeding impressively and the Washington staff is expanding. The only thing missing at this point is the candidate.

Should Reagan run? There can be only one answer to that question. Yes. It is an answer that constitutes a virtual categorical imperative arising out of the current situation.

Though President Ford has taken sound enough positions on a number of issues, the fact remains that he is

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Follow this carefully. California Governor Jerry Brown says his goal is to serve his full four-year term: "That's my goal, but why try to anticipate?" Why, indeed. Why, then, are Allard Lowenstein and a batch of others doing a survey of presidential primary laws for the Governor? A staff member says modestly that the study is "just a case of staff preparedness." Preparedness for what? The Governor says that if someone puts his name on a primary ballot, "I might leave it in or I might take it off. I'm not kicking myself in or out of anything. I'm not a candidate, but I'll serve the party in whatever way I feel I can." And: "The fact is when you're governor of a large state, you're part of the political landscape."

■ This month's fad in the Democratic Party might be called "Hubert Chic." With Senator Kennedy at last counted out of the Democratic nomination scramble, pollster George Gallup finds Senator Hubert Humphrey trailing George Wallace by just three points, 23 to 20, as the top choice of rank-and-file Democrats. Next come Senators George McGovern, 11; Henry Jackson, ten; Edmund Muskie, ten. It is worth remembering that Washington comedian Mark Russell says Washington is so dull in August that young people sit around getting high by listening to recordings of Henry Jackson's speeches.

■ Well, that settles it. The Democratic nominee next year will be former Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter. Cato discovered this when reading a handout from the office of Jimmy Carter. It said: Carter "is leading all the other announced candidates for the Democratic nomination in a series of mock political conventions conducted by the Dade County Democratic Executive Committee in Florida's Dade County. . . . In the first four caucuses, Carter has received 69 votes to Senator Henry Jackson's 44, Congressman Morris Udall's 41, Senator Lloyd Bentsen's four, former Governor Terry Sanford's two, and former Senator Fred Harris' one."

■ Washington's 49-year-old Republican governor, Daniel Evans, is in the running to replace another Western governor, Wyoming's Stanley Hathaway, as Secretary of the Interior. Hathaway resigned for reasons of health after a month on the job. Evans' third term will end next year. He is an outdoorsman, who probably would not offend environmentalists.

■ Columnists Rowland Evans and (*NR* contributor) Robert Novak have tied some of Birch Bayh's words around his neck, just as the Indiana Senator is preparing to seek the Democratic presidential nomination. Back home in Indiana, during a tough re-election race in 1974, Bayh said he could support George Wallace for Vice President. When Evans and Novak called this to Bayh's attention, Bayh denied ever saying it. He said he was misquoted. Then he flew back to Washington, conferred with his clarifiers, and issued a clarifying statement, saying that he had said it, and that he had inadvertently misled Evans and Novak.

■ The *Wall Street Journal*, citing the Freedom of Information Act, asked Special Prosecutor Ruth to reveal the names of the congressmen who were on the receiving end of all those illegal contributions from corporations. Said Ruth: No way, because disclosing the names "would constitute an unwarranted invasion of personal privacy."

■ Prox has detected Parkinson's Law (one variation: the number of bureaucrats expanded and the budget rose at the British Admiralty while the number of ships in the British navy declined drastically) at work in the Department of Housing and Urban Development. Since 1973 HUD spending has almost doubled, and HUD-assisted housing starts have been almost halved.

■ So the First Lady says she wouldn't be surprised if the First Daughter had "an affair." Betty Ford told CBS-TV's *60 Minutes* that Susan is a big girl now, but, on the other hand, she is pretty young, so Mrs. Ford, a stern mother, "would want to know pretty much about the young man." Then, inevitably, came Press Secretary Ron Nessen, to deliver a presidential benediction, of sorts: "The President has long since ceased to be perturbed or surprised by his wife's remarks."

■ That explains that. Asked why he defended Richard Nixon to the bitter end—and beyond—Senator Carl Curtis (R., Neb.) says: "If I didn't defend him, he would have gone undefended." That is not a very nice thing to say about the brace of lawyers the taxpayers bought for Mr. Nixon, from Charles Wright through James St. Clair. But Curtis is a hardliner—harder, even, than Mr. Nixon. Mr. Nixon says Mr. Nixon was guilty, but Curtis is not so sure, hinting darkly that there was a "double agent" at work in the White House. —CATO

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so far defaulting on an entire range of other issues that bulk very large in American politics today. Ford speaks in stern tones about "bureaucracy" and the need to "deregulate" our lives, but he has yet to zero in on the really fighting issues: the behavior of social-experimentation bureaucracies like HEW, HUD, EEOC, and so on. Here the issues are things like forced busing, quotas of all kinds, radical chic curriculum content, bureaucratic intrusion into school, neighborhood, office. In the United States at the present time a kind of *Kulturkampf* is raging with the elementary and secondary education system as its focus, and this set of issues is becoming explosive. In the statement he made upon leaving his post at HEW, Caspar Weinberger said some excellent things about the expanding welfare system, the threat of bureaucracy to freedom, and so forth. But all this was a bit reminiscent of Richard Nixon in 1972 campaigning against "quotas"—as if these were being enforced by some Administration other than his own. And intimately connected with these issues are others which are definitely "up" at the present time: the power of the "new class" of elite social experimenters, the power of the media monopolies, the stranglehold possessed by organized educationists who are able to block voucher-system experiments, and so on. The Ford Administration has behaved as if these and other such issues do not exist.

A Reagan challenge could serve to bring such "social issues" into the political arena where they belong. If the polls indicate that a large majority of the people believe that the political system is unresponsive, the reason is not mysterious. The Republicans and the Democrats are both defaulting on a whole range of serious issues, and

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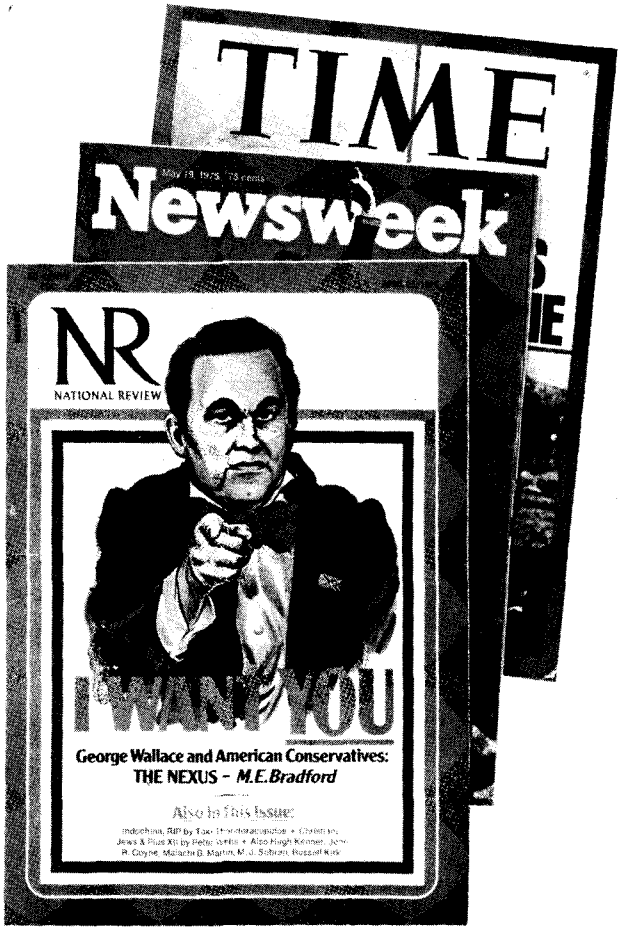
- **Why Conservatives Are Also Often Wrong On Defense Issues:** Bigger spending doesn't necessarily mean better defense.
- **Will Mrs. Thatcher Become Britain's First Woman Prime Minister Before the Year is Out?**
- **A Profile of Mike Mansfield:** His campaign to cut back America's armed forces around the world.
- **The Ten Major Fallacies now Going the Rounds About Allende**
- **The Panama Canal:** How vital *is* it to U.S. security (and what will Congress do about it)?
- **Ralph Nader and the Terrible Ten** (Do you scare easily?)
- **Who Cheated on the Paris "Peace Agreements"?**



But you *will* find them in coming issues of *National Review* (and *only* in *National Review*). Articles like these are important to you for this good reason – *they keep you in touch with the "other" point of view* and that's come to be a necessity for the truly informed person in these days of "homogenized" news reporting.

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Swinging with Betty Ford

This isn't 1910, God knows.
I don't object to see-through clothes.
I've done my dancing through the dawn.
I've seen *Shampoo* and Goldie Hawn.
But even with world-weary me
Some things I do not care to see.
Perhaps they questioned her half-crocked?
I can't believe it, but I'm shocked.

W. H. VON DREELE

if they continue to do so the only beneficiary will be George Wallace. Under those circumstances he will deserve to be the beneficiary.

In electoral terms, any Republican nominee will have to draw votes from the Wallace constituency if he is to succeed in what promises to be a three-way race. But the only hope of winning those votes lies in appealing on particular issues of very immediate concern. So far, however, the Ford Administration has been politically tone deaf as regards those issues.

Finally, there is a sense in which Ronald Reagan should run out of loyalty to the meaning of his own political career, should run whether the prospects look bright or dim, and whether he ultimately wins or loses. As governor of California, Mr. Reagan came forward with one genuinely novel proposal—his tax-limiting constitutional amendment. Under this plan, the state would be able to tax no more than a fixed percentage of the total income of the people in the state. In its first test, Proposition #1, as it was called, was rejected by the voters. Still, a number of extraneous factors may have been responsible for this, and in any case the vote was close enough to be encouraging for the future. What Mr. Reagan has been saying throughout his political career is that somewhere, somehow, a line must be drawn against the expansion of state power at the expense of the individual. Proposition #1 provided a feasible answer. If in the coming months Ronald Reagan made this the central theme of a campaign across the nation he might profoundly affect the course of the Republican Party and indeed the United States. It would be an act of fidelity to the meaning of his own career, and a patriotic deed as well.

Betty Ford Gaffe

A number of the remarks made by Betty Ford in her CBS interview with Morley Safer on the *60 Minutes* show represent a manifest abuse of her position as First Lady. They constituted a failure of taste that reflected a failure of understanding.

Mrs. Ford, in response to Safer's questioning, made the following points: 1) that she would not be "surprised" if her daughter Susan had a pre-marital affair, Susan being "a perfectly normal human being like all young girls"; 2) that her children had "all probably tried marijuana," and that she herself would probably have done so too if the drug had been around when she was younger; 3) that she was responsible for the presence of a woman in the Ford Cabinet, and that she is pushing to get a woman on the Court; and 4) that the Supreme Court abortion decision was "the best thing in the world, a great, great decision."

Obviously it is possible to take issue with Mrs. Ford on the merits of each of these points, but her statements were not made in private conversation or friendly argument, and the issue is therefore one of propriety. As First Lady, Mrs. Ford enjoys a wide audience and some cultural power. This circumstance implicitly prescribes a sense of restraint. Mrs. Ford ought to know that it is not up to her to rewrite the Ten Commandments over nationwide TV. At the very least she ought to realize that many Americans entertain very different convictions on drug use and abortion, and, indeed, regard the latter as in fact murder. Awareness of this would enjoin minimum good manners. Mrs. Ford's lobbying efforts in connection with Cabinet and Court nominations do not require comment, though she certainly owes Secretary Carla Hills an apology for claiming credit for her appointment.

What Mrs. Ford's behavior suggests, on this and previous occasions, is not so much a beguiling "candor" as the desire to exploit her position in order to establish a particular public personality, the trademark of which is the "outrageous" and newsy statement. She ought to have more respect for her position in the nation than to use it in that way.

No Policy Is Good Policy

On balance, it is probably a good thing that President Ford's tariff on imported oil was declared illegal by a U.S. Court of Appeals. Removal of the tariff may make it possible for Democratic congressmen to go along with the expiration of price controls on domestic oil without feeling that this is a personal or partisan defeat. Decontrol would be far more effective than a tariff in discouraging consumption of imported oil while encouraging production of domestic alternatives, and Democrats could argue that they traded decontrol for the lifting of tariffs in a generous spirit of compromise.

Critics of the oil tariff, including the Democratic Study Group in Congress, prefer a quota on the quantity of oil imported. Since OPEC nations would reduce prices only in order to increase sales, such a limit on the amount they could sell would invite OPEC to raise the price without fearing any loss in sales. A quota would create a shortage at home that would raise gasoline prices at least as much as an equivalent tariff would, but the proceeds would go to foreign oil producers instead of to the

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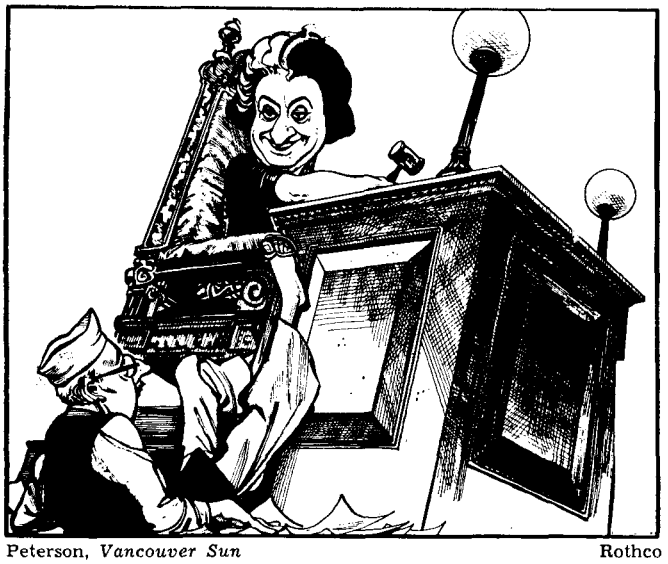
U.S. Treasury. With quotas, we would have less oil at a higher cost.

A tariff does at least reduce world demand for oil, forcing the OPEC cartel to keep either production or prices lower than otherwise. If a tariff slowed or reversed the increase in OPEC prices, however, it would also prevent U.S. consumers and industry from benefitting from the lower price. A tariff would really be a disguised foreign aid program for European and Japanese consumers of relatively cheaper OPEC oil. The reduction in the growth of imports here would reduce our vulnerability to another temporary embargo, even if OPEC prices were unaffected, but it would do so by imposing a permanent and painful mini-embargo on ourselves.

In the end, there is really no simple substitute for an increase in domestic energy supplies. Even the most draconian conservative schemes do not claim to do more than slow the growth of imports, simply postponing the crunch for a few years. The first step to a genuine solution of our energy policy crisis would be to allow our own oil producers the same price we pay to OPEC. This would provide them with the resources and incentives to expand production, while providing consumers with the incentive to limit energy usage, until added energy supplies can bring the price down, to uses *they* consider most essential. Decontrol of oil prices presents no real problem, except for certain refiners and dealers who have been profiting from FEA allocations of controlled crude oil at the expense of domestic oil producers. (See "Why Subsidize the Arabs?" p. 939.) It is better that oil prices should be decontrolled totally and immediately, since gradual decontrol provides incentives to withhold production while waiting for the price to rise.

A second step would be a reasonable loosening of the so-called environmental restrictions on strip mining, offshore oil exploration, nuclear powerplant construction, and the like. Such restrictions simply force more reliance on 1) high-sulphur coal extracted at grave danger to the miners, 2) imported oil with all the attendant risks of tanker spills, and 3) imported liquefied natural gas with its awesome dangers of explosion.

That is an energy program that would command the support of a majority of the voters: Harris polls show that Americans favor deregulation of oil and gas prices by 46 to 31 per cent, and they favor building ninety more nuclear powerplants by 63 to 19 per cent. Some people continue to fear literally any move to increase energy supplies or reduce demand, but nobody is more afraid of such moves than the Arabs.



Peterson, *Vancouver Sun* Rothco

"Well, it will be my appeal case, Judge, and naturally I'll want the best seat in court . . ."

Cold Turkey

The dispute over arms to Turkey, like most policy disputes, has many angles that are hard to fit together into a neat whole. Turkey used U.S.-supplied arms in the commission of an aggression in Cyprus. That was a violation of U.S. law as well as of approved international behavior; and, confining attention to that angle alone, a cutoff of arms was called for. But the Greek officers who staged the prior coup against Makarios—and prompted the Turks to intervene—also used U.S. weapons of one sort or another. The post-Colonel Greek government threatened anti-U.S. and anti-NATO moves *unless* the U.S. banned arms to the Turks, and the Turks threatened the same *if* the U.S. banned them.

Then, from the other side of the compass, there were the more immediately domestic angles. There are a good many U.S. citizens of Greek ancestry; Greeks have been angry with Turks for centuries; and the Greek-Americans have a powerful lobby that has been putting pressure on Congress to maintain the arms ban. There are not many citizens of Turkish ancestry, and no comparable pro-Turkish lobby. There are pacifist-minded members of Congress for whom "aggression" is a sin that automatically takes priority over considerations of strategy and *Realpolitik*, and who therefore are ready to ban arms to an aggressor though NATO falls. There are some congressmen of a contrary temperament for whom strategy takes general precedence over the niceties of international morality. And there are, finally, of late, a growing number of congressmen and senators as of plain citizens who can't see why, with all this cozy detente that Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger are celebrating, we have to worry so much, anyway, about keeping up all these outdated, expensive cold war defense systems in foreign parts. This last contingent was large enough to decide the House vote against lifting the ban.

It turned out that Turkey was not bluffing. When the congressional vote was completed in the House, the Turkish government shut down all the two dozen installations on its territory except for the NATO air base at Incircli where U.S. aircraft capable of carrying nuclear bombs are stationed. This was enough to alarm even Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, who is closer to bluebird than hawk. On *Meet the Press* he

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stated that this shutdown deprived the U.S. of 25 per cent of its intelligence capability regarding Soviet operations—including, in particular, advance knowledge of operations that might bear on the Mideast. Congress has made a flop of its first big post-Watergate venture in the conduct of foreign policy. Some of the damage is irreparable, but the total possible damage is perhaps not quite as devastating as the President and Secretary of State declare in their fury and frustration. Yet, put in bluntest terms, even if, as is doubtful, this arms issue affects Cyprus much one way or another, it is not worth a serious breach in our global defense system. It is therefore to be hoped that the House will come sufficiently to its senses, when Congress reconvenes in September, to repair the breach as best it can.

Joanne Little Saga

The case has a mythic quality. In an earlier day, it would have provided the material for piney woods ballads, but in our time it is more likely to fuel demonstrations in front of assorted U.S. embassies.

Joanne Little was born in 1954 in the small town of Washington, North Carolina, on the banks of the Pamlico River, the eldest of nine children. A school dropout, she ranged as a teenager as far north as Connecticut, attended school in Philadelphia for awhile, and then returned to North Carolina, assorted menial jobs, bad company, and crime. Arrested several times, she was, last August 27, in jail awaiting appeal on a seven- to ten-year sentence for larceny and receiving stolen goods.

She is now on trial in Raleigh for the murder on August 27 of Clarence Alligood, 61, a night jailer; recently, the charge was reduced from first to second degree, which carries a maximum sentence of life imprisonment. Both prosecution and defense agree that Little stabbed Alligood 11 times with an ice pick. They agree that Alligood, half clad when his body was found, had entered her cell for sexual purposes and that sexual activity took place. The defense claims that Little was defending herself against the burly 190-pound jailer who was using his power for the purpose of sexual exploitation. The prosecution claims that she lured him into her cell as part of a deliberate stratagem, surprised him with the ice pick, and then escaped.

With those elements it was inevitable that the Joanne Little case would achieve instant symbolic status. Sex has always been close to the surface of the black-white conflict in America. The anti-black archetype involves the rape of a white woman by a black man (for a powerful treatment of the mythic passions involved, see Faulkner's *Light in August*). The pro-black counter-myth features white exploitation of black women, and it has had a lively cultural career from the debate over slavery to its present incarnation in the Joanne Little case.

But there is more here, much more. The prison motif is central, too, and prisons are now under attack in various ways. They are symbols of social authority. With their heavily black population, they can be read as symbols of oppression, and liberals like Tom Wicker are drawn to prisons as Hemingway was to the bullring. Joanne Little herself has begun to play some skillful variations on this theme. "When I came into prison I was like a marshmallow, I was soft," she recently told a rally in Chapel Hill. "When I came out, I was a bandit. I'm ready to strike back at any time." This could be true. But it is also potently mythic. The liberal sensibility is aware of, even cherishes, black violence—but it requires that such violence be "innocent violence," externally generated.

And, furthermore, the case possesses powerful appeal as a "women's" issue, and a "poverty" issue. The Southern Poverty Law Center was a major fund raiser for the defense. Joanne Little herself perceives at least some of her mythic quality. Born a mere Joan, she has informally changed her name to "Joanne"—Gatsby hovers somewhere nearby; and she has even written a poem called "I Am Somebody." Pickets around the courthouse shout "power to the ice pick."

The case, in short, has thus attached to itself so much cultural and political meaning that the question of fact tends to be overlooked, at least outside the courtroom. However, did she, or did she not, murder Clarence Alligood? Quite possibly that question will never be answered. The event itself, taking place in the darkness of that cell, may have been finally ambiguous. But as the circumambient clouds of mythic glory grow thick around Joanne Little—will Sartre turn up in Raleigh? Will Günter Grass?—it remains the job of sanity to maintain the focus sharply on the question of fact. After all, everyone agrees that Alligood is dead, and that she stabbed him 11 times with an ice pick.

Begging the Question

Again, the trains are chugging
  Across the Western plain
As Nader rants and Meany pants
  About the price of grain.
Consumers pass petitions;
  The farmers pass the cup.
Will someone try to tell me why
  We keep the Russians up?

W. H. VON DREELE

More Is Better

When Congress recently voted a pay increase for itself, and for some 14,000 other top-paid federal officials, it broke a six-year tradition of increasing congressional pay only through the back door, through things like free transportation, meals, mail, and haircuts. Within the last

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few months alone, staff allowances and travel expenses were increased by almost $11 million. Taxpayers will also put up $1.7 million to help re-elect incumbent representatives by financing newsletters to their constituents (franked mail is apparently not enough). In the past twenty years, legislative branch expenses have increased from $70 million to about $800 million, according to a study released by Representative William Armstrong (R., Colo.).

It would probably save the taxpayers a fortune if congressmen were given the option of trading some costly privileges for a definite amount of cash, deducting legitimate business expenses from their income tax like everyone else. But that would reveal how lucrative politics really is, undermining populist campaigns suggesting that avarice is uniquely an affliction of the private sector.

There is no question that salaries for top government positions must remain competitive if government is to attract bright and industrious people who could earn good salaries in the private sector. Still, there is a certain rough justice in having congressmen suffer the consequences of inflationary policies of their own making. Congress has now given itself an escalator clause, granting automatic pay adjustments for increases in inflation. That seems to be telling us something.

Looking at the British situation, which appears to be the model we are following, Professor Wilfred Beckerman suggested a solution to inflation in the *New Statesman*: "Perhaps all that is needed to stop inflation is to arrange that the salaries of civil servants and ministers be fixed in money terms forever, and that the indexation of civil service pensions be scrapped. Their minds might then be so concentrated on the problems of inflation that—assuming their undoubted abilities are commensurate with their present salaries—I am sure they would come up with a solution."

Dmitri Shostakovich, R I P

Poor Shostakovich, he was hounded much of his life by the beasts who have run the Soviet Union since he was 11 years old. If there was a resolute flicker of resistance, we are not aware of it. Shostakovich's posture was: a kind of clerical conformity, something much less than the miserable Yevtushenko with his flamboyant, theatrical ardor for kissing the backside of any Soviet bureaucrat. On the other hand it was a considerable distance removed from the quiet, artistically-whole resistance of his close friend Rostropovich; and an infinity removed from the heroic resistance of Rostropovich's close friend Solzhenitsyn. One thinks sadly of 1948, when Shostakovich, with a troupe of Soviet conformists, appeared in the United States at the Waldorf Conference to add a nosegay to the highest bloom of American fellow-traveling. That was the conference that spawned the presidential candidacy of Henry Wallace; and restored Shostakovich to favor in the Soviet Union.

His First Symphony, composed in 1925 at age 19, is quite possibly his best work. Better by far than the First Symphony of Mahler, who influenced him. Irrepressible and melodic and exquisitely dissonant. His Fifth, composed in 1937, was dubbed a celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the Soviet Revolution. Perhaps beneath his inscrutable, Prufrockean timidity, Shostakovich knew that whatever blather he wrote about a piece of music, it spoke for itself. That symphony was performed at Tanglewood, conducted by Rostropovich, the very night that word reached the conductor that his old friend had died at a privileged Moscow hospital at the age of 68. The program notes, written by Shostakovich for the performance of this symphony, were straightforward. "The theme of my symphony is the making of a man. I saw man with all his experiences in the center of the composition, which is lyrical in form from beginning to end. The finale is the optimistic solution of the tragically tense moments of the first movement." Forage through that for as long as you like, and you won't come up with a trace of the Marxism-Leninism that dogged him, alternating abuse and sycophantic honors. Would he have reached further in a free environment? Equalled the compositions of Rachmaninoff perhaps? We cannot know. But there is reason to celebrate the beautiful music he wrote, never mind that it did not represent a creative musical advance, and to forget the rest.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill,

Your anonymous well-wisher (*NR*, July 4) remarks that "Byron writes of the Assyrians and says that 'their cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.'" Would-be purists should not re-write (and de-pressurize) Byron, who said:

> *The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold*
> *And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.*

The poetic force of the lines comes from the use of synecdoche, cf. Kipling: "The Boche has suffered little and learned nothing." Or, for that matter, Byron:

> *And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword*
> *Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.*

But the words of the poet, unmarr'd heretofore,
Have melted like snow on the cutting-room floor.

Best wishes,
Tom Jukes
Space Sciences Laboratory
Berkeley, Calif.

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■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Some time ago Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce wrote you a letter, because you had called someone a "lady" something or other. She tied it up with Archie Bunker, etc. I wondered at the time if your answer would have been quite so polite, had the letter come from someone else, but I never thought of you as particularly anti-woman. Now you *did* it.

I have been thinking, how much fun it would be to wear one of your *NR* Tee/sweatshirts to offset my liberal friends' McGovern bumpers; and thought it was OK to watch *Firing Line* and look over my husband's *NR*. But here I read: "Shirts are available in one color, 'Athletic grey,' and two sizes—*Large* and *Too Large*" (Mr. Lipsett's letter, *NR*, June 20). *You plugged that!* Not only does this discriminate against women but against teeny and medium men as well. *Really.*

Best regards,
Inge Yarri
(Mrs. David Yarri)
Springfield, Vt.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

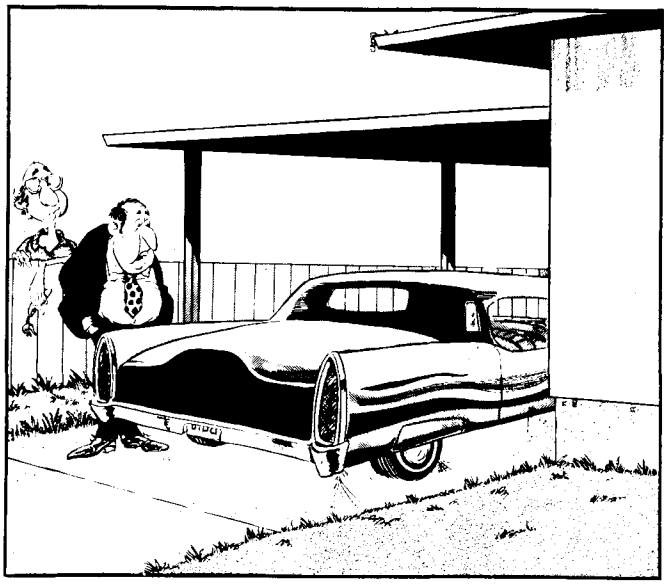
In Notes & Asides (*NR*, August 1) did Mr. Voyles really say, "Where do you *support NR* went wrong?" If he did, your reply, "*NR never* goes wrong," is all right with me. Maybe Mr. Voyles really said, "Where do you *suppose NR* went wrong?" In which case Mr. Voyles is all right with me but your *never* should be changed to at least *seldom.*

Either way—*NR* has my continued *suppose* . . . I *support.*

Very truly yours,
William E. Bissonnette
Bridgeport, Conn.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Russell Kirk's articles, in my opinion, are always refreshing and full of insight. His piece on exactly what ails independent colleges (June 20), however, was a revelation, I have to be honest. When I read the title of Mr. Kirk's report I reflected upon the possibility of forwarding it to the president-elect of my school, a not quite struggling, though by no means financially secure, independent college (Manhattan) in New York. But, on further perusal, I saw the imbecility inherent in just such an act. For one thing, Mr. Kirk describes the average business school graduate as a "dullard." He states so by way of illustrating the alleged absurdity of a private college's embarking upon a business curriculum. This could very well be so; however, in terms of the particular institution I attend, the advice is a good half-century late. He additionally suggests that a "Catholic college should not pretend that it is ecumenical"; that, in fact, "nobody likes a mongrel." If, up to this last point, I'd retained any thought as to whether anything could be gained by my channeling this piece to the appropriate authority, it was now substantially dispelled.



Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal*, Canada — Rothco

"Of course we had to give something up to be able to afford it—namely gasoline."

For had I done so, the president-elect may have ejected me from the school on the grounds that the last thing he needs, at this critical juncture, is the offering of a masochist. I am a Jew, attending a Catholic college, with a major in business. In other words, a dullard in a mongrel.

This is not by way of pointing out that Mr. Kirk's suggestions are unworthy. It is just my credibility in presenting them which is questionable. However, my love for Manhattan is such that I will see whether there are any exciting liberal arts Catholics attending who could present the writer's view in place of me. My own personal opinion, though, is that President-Elect Sullivan will thank the individual for his contribution, dismiss him politely, and wonder whether there isn't a flaw in the liberal arts curriculum.

Cordially,
Allan Beinhorn
Riverdale, N.Y.

■ Dear Bill:

A friend writes:

"I've just been on the phone with the head of the Rhodes Trust. HEW has ruled that we must henceforth send a girl abroad on a comparable scholarship for every male scholar, the appropriate university footing the bill. Since many small colleges probably couldn't, we are withdrawing from all institutional connections. HEW is not satisfied that we have the Will in the House of Lords, which bewigged chamber has been debating for two years now if the word 'male' may legally be deleted from the stipulations for inheriting Rhodes's diamonds and gold."

In haste,
Hugh Kenner
Baltimore, Md.

—WFB

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Capital Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

Cartoons

HERBLOCK, the political cartoonist for the *Washington Post*, certainly is the nicest man in the western hemisphere, and perhaps is the nicest man in the twentieth century, probably because he releases all his pent-up slings and arrows in his bitingly liberal cartoons. Herblock is also an important footnote in the record of detente's lingering death.

The other day Washingtonians turned to the *Post*'s editorial page and, lo, they beheld a cartoon depicting a worried citizen, labeled *U.S.*, gambling at a roulette wheel, labeled *Detente*. *U.S.* is being egged on by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. The croupier, who has raked in a large pot of *U.S.*'s money, is a smiling Leonid Brezhnev. In the cartoon's caption, Mr. Kissinger says to the skeptical *U.S.*: "Stick with me, I've got a system."

Now, I hold this truth to be self-evident: When detente loses the support of Herblock, detente is, if not dead, at least seriously, splendidly ill. It soon may be buried under 15 million metric tons of grain.

The nation was already beginning to mutter angrily about grain when Mr. Ford returned from Helsinki. That summit conference was called "unprecedented," and in a sense it was: before Helsinki, only one summit conference —the one in Paris in May 1960, which Nikita Khrushchev broke up to protest Gary Powers' U-2 flight—was a political loss for a U.S. President. Of course, it didn't matter because Mr. Eisenhower was not running for re-election.

Mr. Ford, back on the second floor of the White House, washing the ink off the presidential fingers, may have wondered aloud to Betty, Why are my constituents thinking about grain instead of about my triumph at the summit? Betty must previously have hidden all the newspapers that carried a cartoon capturing the public feeling. The cartoon was by the widely syndicated Mike Peters of the *Dayton Daily News*. It showed Messrs. Kissinger, Ford (wearing an FDR-style cape), and Brezhnev (wearing a contented smile) sitting in a row, like the famous photograph of Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin at Yalta. Mr. Ford is leaning over to Mr. Kissinger and saying: "Then it's settled—he gets Eastern Europe, and we get detente, Park Place, and Marvin Gardens." Obviously, the achievements at Helsinki were not such as to take the public's mind off those 15 million tons of grain.

The Soviet Union already has contracted to buy ten million tons of U.S. grain and wants to buy at least five million more tons. It faces a yawning gap of at least forty million tons between its supply and its proclaimed needs. Forty million tons are a lot more than the world grain markets can supply. But the Soviet Union will take all it can get, and in the spirit of detente, as practiced by Mr. Kissinger, it probably can get all it wants, unless Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz succeeds in putting the brakes on.

You don't have to be a weatherman to know that a chilly wind is blowing—from West to East, for a change, and not a moment too soon. Public skepticism about detente has crystallized, suddenly, strangely. The White House snub of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn helped, of course, but obviously this rapid turnabout of public opinion would not have occurred if the air had not already been heavy with uncollected skepticism, just as a summer sky is heavy with uncollected electricity before a violent thunderstorm.

It is curious. The Soviet Union can cheat on strategic arms agreements and detente sails right along. But when Soviet behavior threatens to add a penny to the price of a loaf of bread, detente comes apart like a cobweb in Mr. Kissinger's hands. The public's priorities may be odd, but the effect of these priorities is suddenly grand.

The 1972 sale of approximately 19 million metric tons of grain to the Soviet Union is widely blamed for the subsequent contribution food prices made to the general inflationary surge —and not entirely fairly. Still, the 1972 sale definitely cost consumers $1 billion in higher food prices. That is $300 million more than the sale generated in revenues, and doesn't count the $300 million in export-incentive subsidies which U.S. taxpayers paid to encourage the Soviet Union to buy our grain at artificially low prices.

The 1972 sale is remembered as "the great grain robbery" and now Senator Henry Jackson, running hard for Mr. Ford's job, is talking about the 1975 sale as "the great grain drain." It is a useful symbol because it touches a perpetually raw American nerve. Americans are notoriously proud of being sharp dealers, and notoriously afraid of being suckered. Phineas Taylor Barnum's justly celebrated remark—"There's a sucker born every minute" —is a double-edged American aphorism. Every American wants to avoid being a sucker, and wants to find a few.

WHILE THE BUSY White House photography department was busy hanging pictures of Mr. Ford's exploits at Helsinki, the Labor Department was busy announcing that prices of farm products and processed foods rose 4.6 per cent in July—an astronomical annual rate. Of course food inflation will not be that astronomical, but it does not need to be half that rate in order to be politically ruinous, since everybody is reminded of it once a week in a cash transaction at the checkout counter.

Speaking of transactions, consider another post-Helsinki cartoon, this one by the superb MacNelly of the *Richmond News Leader*. It showed a befuddled Mr. Ford and an embarrassed Mr. Kissinger standing in their underwear, staring down at an open cash register in what once was a trading post. But there is nothing on the shelves, the barrels are empty, and even the walls and roof are gone from the store. Mr. Ford is saying: "Got to hand it to those Russians, Henry—they sure drive a hard bargain." Mr. Kissinger, sitting in his office on the seventh floor of the State Department, in his underwear (figuratively speaking, of course), must understand how Boss Tweed, a favorite subject of cartoonist Thomas Nast, felt when he exclaimed, Say what you want about me in prose, but spare me those cartoons. □

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The Dialectics of Detente

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

IN *NR*'S LAST ISSUE I discussed the logic of detente as conceived by the United States. Our rulers think of detente as a diplomatic equivalent of a business deal. Each party to the deal is an independent agent with its own special interests, but both function within the rules of the market. In negotiating the deal, each aims to get something it wants and each assumes it will have to give something in return. Both believe that the net result of the give and take process will be of mutual benefit. The mutual benefit (=profit) in this case is assumed to be, as a starter, assurance against nuclear war, to be followed up by trade and cultural exchanges leading toward cooperation and, in time, friendship. The underlying equation of the deal is the simplest sort of algebra. Through the negotiations, the quids and quos on the two sides of the equation will be adjusted to bring about a simple equality.

This mode of conceiving detente is what Communists call bourgeois, Aristotelian, abstract, and static. The Communist mode is (they say) proletarian, dialectical, concrete, and dynamic.

History is a dialectical process through time. In the historical dialectic, two "opposites" clash, and become ultimately fused into a synthesis "on a higher plane." In our epoch the primary clash is between imperialist finance capitalists and revolutionary workers (and peasants); the synthesis is the proletarian dictatorship led by the Communists. All Communist strategy and tactics are conceived dynamically, against the background of the dialectical pattern: their objective is always to weaken the imperialist side and to strengthen the revolutionary side of the dialectical opposition, and thereby to advance toward the revolutionary synthesis.

The Communist conception of detente can be comprehended only within this dialectical frame of reference. Detente —like War Communism, the New Economic Policy, Socialism in One Country, the Popular Front, the Patriotic War, the Cold War, Peaceful Coexistence—is a tactical variation within a fixed Grand Strategy. For the Communist side, detente is not a "step toward peace," not a prelude to cooperation and friendship, but a mode of conducting the revolutionary struggle. It is not an effort to achieve an evenly balanced equation, but a maneuver to weight the equation more heavily against the West.

Leading from Strength

According to the Communist analysis, the tactical phase designated "detente" expresses the deterioration of the imperialists' strategic situation. In a recent article, Gus Hall, leader of the Communist Party U.S.A., sums up: "Detente expresses a qualitative change in the international class relations." The Draft Program for the 21st convention of the CPUSA explains: "On the scales that measure which force determines the main content of this epoch, the balance has tipped against world imperialism. . . . The struggle for detente arises from this new relationship." The imperialists (in particular the U.S.) have been *compelled*—by their weakness—to accept detente on, essentially, the Communists' terms. The Communists have no trouble compiling a catalogue of the evidence: retreat of the U.S. from Indochina; retreat of the West from Mozambique and Angola; Marxification of Portugal; collapsing U.S.-NATO position in Turkey and Greece; relative strengthening of the Soviet navy as against the U.S. Navy; oil squeeze on the West; inability of the Western nations to cope with increased terrorism; growing disunity among NATO states; dominance of leftist ideology in mass media of non-Communist nations; increased influence of Communism in France, Italy, and Great Britain; combined inflation and recession in non-Communist nations.

Because of the strategic ascendancy of Communism, it is "no accident" that in the successive detente episodes the Communist side invariably comes out ahead. SALT I turns out to be a green light for Soviet development of MIRV warheads and a stop sign for U.S. deployment of anti-missile defenses. The Vietnam peace accord turns out to be a program for completion of the Revolution along the Mekong; the big Soviet grain purchase, a ripoff of U.S. farmers and consumers. The Helsinki accord becomes a guarantee against Western influence in Eastern Europe and a permit for Soviet-backed Communist operations in Western nations. Detente-blessed trade shapes up as the transfer of Western technology (and food) to make good the failures of Communist technology in exchange for promissory notes and an occasional gold shipment.

For the Communists, detente is a No Can Lose proposition. And detente has the special merit of providing an attractive packaging for Communist aggression. Who can be "against detente"?—against the lowering of tensions and the progress toward cooperation and friendship? Only obsolescent Cold Warriors or outright warmongers and fascists. Even if we did get a bit screwed at Geneva, Seoul, or Helsinki, all hearts are in the right place, and by nourishing the spirit of detente everything will turn out for the best in the long run.

No Can Lose

Detente is not only useful to the Communists as a cover for their fundamental strategy of aggression. It is useful also for Western diplomats, politicians, and businessmen. For the businessmen it is a respectable cover for their greed. The Western diplomats can make good use of it to plaster over their mistakes and to hide their lack of a coherent policy. And it enables the Western politicians to obscure their renunciation of genuine leadership, their failure of nerve, and their reduction of governing to the study of opinion polls.

Some of the diplomats and politicians, perhaps even a few businessmen, understand the underlying meaning of detente, but persuade themselves that the demoralization of public opinion and legislative bodies makes it necessary to go along with the illusion, hoping that something will somehow turn up sometime. (I.e., you combat demoralization by yielding to it.) The others, finding the truth too unpalatable, prefer to kid themselves into accepting detente at face value. Either way, it doesn't make much difference from the No Can Lose perspective of the dialectical opposite. □

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The Strangled Cry of SOLZHENITSYN

Editor's Note:

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

"According to calculations by specialists," Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn informed the audience brought together by the AFL-CIO for his first public appearance on this continent, "in pre-revolutionary Russia, during the eighty years before the revolution, about 17 persons a year were executed. The famous Spanish Inquisition destroyed perhaps ten persons a month. In the Archipelago, *I cite a book which was published by the Cheka in 1920: in 1918 and 1919 the Cheka executed, without trial, more than a thousand persons a month. At the height of Stalin's terror in 1937-38, we get more than 40,000 persons shot per month. Here are the figures: 17 a year, 10 a month, more than 1,000 a month, more than 40,000 a month. Thus, that which had made it difficult for the democratic West to form an alliance with pre-revolutionary Russia had, by 1941, grown to such an extent and still did not prevent the entire united democracy of the world from entering into a military alliance with the Soviet Union. How is this to be explained?"*

Not easily. And by no one better than by Solzhenitsyn himself, who all along has insisted that the problem of the West is moral, not political. For using such basic ethical vocabulary he has aroused suspicion, and even antagonism. It is difficult to handle him. For one thing he is entirely independent, moving through the cosmopolitan scene without tripping over any of the lilliputian nets that ensnare most of us. As his opponents consolidate against him, they fumble for a designation. *Newsweek* magazine has adumbrated it—the killer designation: "The exile found himself ignored by some influential liberals and embraced—apparently to his discomfort—by the conservative Right."

It is correct that the conservative Right has embraced him, and incorrect that he has rejected their embrace. Indeed, Solzhenitsyn specified that to the speech he would give in New York, which we reproduce here, Senator James Buckley should be invited. Solzhenitsyn has much in common with conservatives, but they do not seek to co-opt him for any narrow program. We share his commitment to the metaphysical equality of man, and his tactical and strategic intuitions about the futility of the policy of detente.

For the rest, in what way is he a member of the conservative Right? How to account for the tumultuous ovation he received before a labor union audience?

"His writings," *Newsweek* reports, "glorify the wisdom of the simple peasant and the righteousness of the most rural communities." So did Thomas Jefferson's, the father of the Democratic Party.

He speaks of the "decadence of Western society." So do the *New York Review of Books*, Noam Chomsky, and Herbert Marcuse.

"He hates cars and cities." So does Ralph Nader.

"He was shocked to find that interest in Soviet affairs seemed to be limited to the far Right." Anybody discovering this should be shocked.

Then there are the straightforwardly negative strictures, hardly compatible with servility by the conservative Right to Solzhenitsyn. Having declared that the Russian people are the natural allies of the American workers, he commented in Washington on "another alliance: the alliance between our Communist leaders and your capitalists." Solzhenitsyn went on to discuss a recent exhibit of United States anti-criminal technology that the Russians bought up with fascination. The problem being that we were selling our scientific paraphernalia not to the law-abiding for use against criminals, but to criminals for use against the law-abiding: rather like inventing a guillotine for the purpose of slaughtering cattle, and then selling it to Robespierre for other uses.

The attacks on Solzhenitsyn are movingly coped with by Bernard Levin of the London *Times*. "Such men, in their granite refusal of compromise and flexibility, are not easy for any society to contain and live with. But Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, by his very existence, confers moral worth upon the world he lives in; by his words, he inspires millions inside and outside the iron empire that, afraid to kill him and even more afraid to let him survive, threw him out; by his courage he demonstrates that there is no weight in the universe great enough to crush into nothingness the human longing for freedom; by his faith he moves mountains, and shames a faithless world. And it is he, and those who read or hear his witness, and who invite him to speak, or applaud him when he does so, and who protest when the niceties of diplomacy prevent the President of the United States, ex officio leader of the free world, from offering his symbolic hospitality—it is these whom I, at any rate, today salute." Today we salute the leaders of the AFL-CIO.

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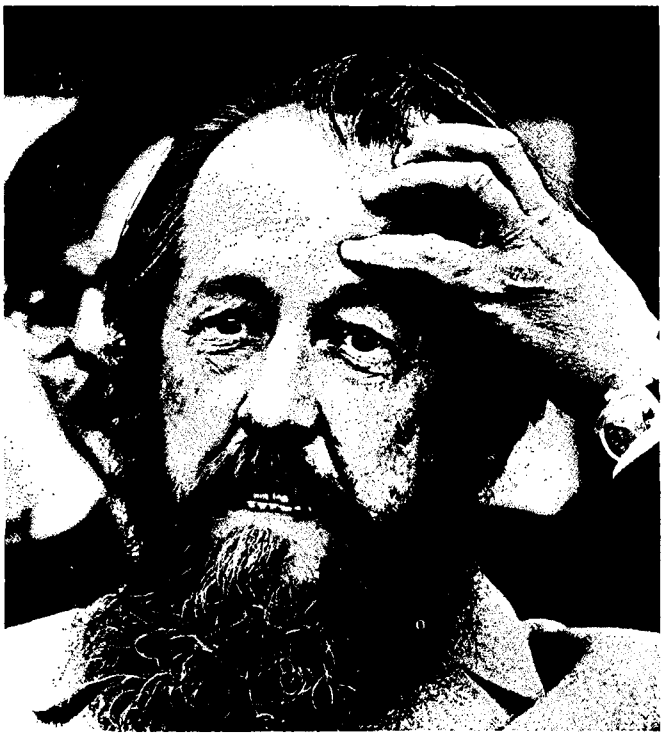

Is it then possible or impossible to transmit the experience of those who have suffered to those who have yet to suffer? Can one part of humanity learn from the bitter experience of another or can it not? Is it possible or impossible to warn someone of danger?

How many witnesses have been sent to the West in the last sixty years? How many waves of immigrants? How many millions of persons? They are all here. You meet them every day. You know who they are: if not by their spiritual disorientation, their grief, their melancholy, then you can distinguish them by their accents, by their external appearance. Coming from different countries and without consulting one another, they have brought to you exactly the same experience, they tell you exactly the same thing: they warn you of what is already happening, what has happened in the past. But the proud skyscrapers stand on, point to the sky, and say: It will never happen here. This will never come to us. It is not possible here.

It can happen. It is possible. As a Russian proverb says: When it happens to you, you'll know it is true.

But do we really have to wait for the moment when the knife is at our throats? Couldn't it be possible, ahead of time, soberly to assess the menace that threatens to swallow the whole world? I was swallowed myself. I have been in the dragon's belly, in the red burning belly of the dragon. He wasn't able to digest me. He threw me up. *(Applause.)* I have come to you as a witness to what it's like there, in the dragon's belly.

It's an astonishing phenomenon that Communism has been writing about itself in the most open way—in black and white—for 125 years. And even more openly, more candidly, in the beginning. *The Communist Manifesto*, for instance, which everyone knows by name, and which almost no one ever takes the trouble to read, contains even more terrible things than what has actually been done. It's perfectly amazing. The whole world can read, everyone is literate, but somehow no one wants to understand. Humanity acts as if it doesn't understand what Communism is, and doesn't want to understand, is not capable of understanding.

I think that it isn't only a question of the disguises which Communism has assumed in the last decades. It's rather that the essence of Communism is quite beyond the limits of human understanding. It's hard to believe that people could actually plan such things and carry them out. It is precisely because its essence is beyond comprehension that Communism is so difficult to understand.

In my address in Washington [June 30], I spoke a great deal about the Soviet state system, how it was created and what it is today. But it's perhaps more important to discuss with you the ideology that inspired the system, that created it, and that still governs it. It's much more important to understand the essence of this ideology, and above all its legacy, which hasn't changed at all in 125 years. It hasn't changed since the day it was born.

That Marxism is not a science is something which is entirely clear to intelligent people in the Soviet Union. It would be a joke to call it any sort of science. Leaving aside the exact sciences, such as physics, mathematics, and the natural sciences, even the social sciences can predict an event—when, in what way, and how the event might occur. Communism has never made any such forecasts. It has never said where, when, and precisely what is going to happen. Nothing but declamations. Declamations to the effect that the world proletariat will overthrow the world bourgeoisie and the most happy and radiant society will then arise. The fantasies of Marx, Engels, and Lenin break off at this point; not one of them goes any further to describe what the society would be like. They simply said: the most radiant, most happy society. Everything for the sake of man.

I wouldn't want to enumerate for you all the unsuccessful predictions of Marxism, but I can give a couple. For example, it was claimed that the conditions of the working class in the West would deteriorate steadily, get more and more unbearable, until the workers were reduced to total poverty. (If only in our country we could feed and clothe our working class, provide it with everything, and give it as much leisure as you do!) *(Applause.)* Or the famous prediction that Communist revolutions would all begin in such advanced industrial countries as England, France, America, Germany—that's where Communism will begin. (But it worked out exactly the other way, as you know.) Or the prediction that the Socialist state wouldn't even exist. As soon as capitalism was overthrown, the state would at once begin to wither away. (Look about you: where can you see states as powerful as in the so-called Socialist or Communist countries?) Or the prediction that wars are inherent only in capitalism. Wars are said to arise only because of capitalism; as soon as Communism is introduced, all wars will come to an end. (We have seen enough of this also: in Budapest, in Prague, on the Soviet-Chinese border, in the occupation of the Baltic countries, and when Poland was stabbed in the back. We have seen enough of this already, and we will surely see more yet.)

Communism's attempt to explain society and the individual is as crude as a surgeon's delicate operations would be if he performed them with a meat-axe. All that is subtle

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in human psychology and the structure of society (which is even more delicate)—all this is reduced to crude economic processes. This whole created being—man—is reduced to matter. It is characteristic that Communism is so devoid of arguments that it has none to advance against its opponents in our Communist countries. It lacks arguments and hence there is the club, the prison, the concentration camp, and the insane asylum with forced confinement.

Marxism has always opposed freedom. I will quote just a few words from its founding fathers, Marx and Engels (I quote from the 1929 Soviet edition of their collected works): "Reforms are a sign of weakness" (vol. 23, p. 339); "Democracy is more to be feared than monarchy and aristocracy" (vol. 2, p. 369); "Political liberty is a false liberty, worse than the most abject slavery" (vol. 2, p. 394). In their correspondence, Marx and Engels frequently said that after achieving power, terror would be indispensable, that "it will be necessary to repeat the year 1793. After achieving power, we'll be considered monsters, but we couldn't care less" (vol. 25, p. 187).

But the proud skyscrapers stand on, point to the sky, and say: it will never happen here. This will never come to us. It is not possible here

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Communism has never concealed the fact that it rejects all absolute concepts of morality. It scoffs at any consideration of "good" and "evil" as indisputable categories. Communism considers morality to be relative, to be a class matter. Depending upon circumstances and the political situation, any act, including murder, even the killing of thousands, could be good or could be bad. It all depends upon class ideology. And who defines class ideology? The whole class cannot get together to pass judgment. A handful of people determine what is good and what is bad. But I must say, it's in this very respect that Communism has been most successful. It has infected the whole world with a belief in the relativity of good and evil. Many people besides the Communists are carried away by this idea today. Among enlightened people it is considered rather awkward to use seriously such words as "good" and "evil." Communism has managed to instill in all of us the belief that these concepts are old-fashioned and laughable. But if we are to be deprived of the concepts of good and evil, what will be left? Nothing but the manipulation of one another. We will decline to the status of animals.

Both the theory and the practice of Communism are completely inhuman for that reason. There is a word very commonly used these days: "anti-Communism." It's a very stupid word, badly put together. It makes it appear as though Communism were something original, something basic, something fundamental. Therefore, it is taken as the point of departure, and anti-Communism is defined in relation to Communism. Here is why I say that this word was poorly selected, that it was put together by people who do not understand etymology: the primary, the eternal concept is *humanity*. And Communism is anti-humanity. Whoever says "anti-Communism" is saying, in effect, anti-anti-humanity. A poor construction. So we should say: that which is against Communism is for humanity. *(Applause.)* Not to accept, to reject this inhuman Communist ideology, is simply to be a human being. It isn't being a member of a party. It's a protest of our souls against those who tell us to forget the concepts of good and evil.

But what is amazing is that apart from all its books, Communism has offered a multitude of examples for modern man to see. The tanks rumble through Budapest. It is nothing. The tanks roar into Czechoslovakia. It is nothing. No one else could have been forgiven, but Communism can be excused. With some kind of strange deliberation, as though God wanted to punish them by taking away their reason, the Communists erected the Berlin Wall. It is indeed a monstrous symbol that demonstrates the true meaning of Communism. For 14 years people have been machine-gunned there, and not only those who wanted to leave the happy Communist society. Recently some foreign boy from the Western side fell into the Spree River. Some people wanted to pull him out, but the East German border guards opened fire. "No, no, don't save him." And so he drowned, this innocent boy.

Has the Berlin Wall convinced anyone? No again. It's being ignored. It's there, but it doesn't affect us. We'll never have a wall like that. And the tanks in Budapest and Prague, they won't come here either. On all the borders of the Communist countries, the European ones in any case, you can find electronic killing devices. These are automatic devices for killing anyone who goes across. But people here say: "That doesn't threaten us either, we are not afraid of that." In the Communist countries they have a developed system of forced treatment in insane asylums. That's nothing. We're living quietly. Three times a day—right at this very moment—the doctors are making their rounds and injecting substances into people's arms that destroy their brains. Pay no attention to it. We'll continue to live in peace and quiet here.

There's a certain woman here named Angela Davis. I don't know if you are familiar with her in this country, but in our country, literally for one whole year, we heard of nothing at all except Angela Davis. There was only Angela Davis in the whole world and she was suffering. We had our ears stuffed with Angela Davis. Little children in school were told to sign petitions in defense of Angela Davis. Little boys and girls, eight and nine years old in schools, were asked to do this. Well, they set her free. Although she didn't have a rough time in this country, she came to recuperate in Soviet resorts. Some Soviet dissidents —but more important, a group of Czech dissidents—addressed an appeal to her: "Comrade Davis, you were in prison. You know how unpleasant it is to sit in prison, especially when you consider yourself innocent. You now have such authority. Could you help our Czech prisoners? Could you stand up for those persons in Czechoslovakia who are being persecuted by the state?" Angela Davis answered: "They deserve what they get. Let them remain in prison." That is the face of Communism. That's the heart of Communism for you. *(Applause.)*

I particularly want to remind you today that Communism develops in a straight line and as a single entity, without altering as people now like to say. Lenin did indeed develop Marxism, but primarily along the lines of ideological intolerance. If you read Lenin, you will be astonished at

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how much hatred there was in him at the least deviation, whenever some view differed from his by so much as a hair's breadth. Lenin also developed Marxism in the direction of inhumanity. Before the October Revolution in Russia, Lenin wrote a book called *The Lessons of the Paris Commune.* There he analyzed why the Paris Commune was defeated in 1871. And his principal conclusion was that the Commune had not shot, had not killed enough of its enemies. It had destroyed too few people, when it was necessary to kill entire classes and groups. And when he came to power, Lenin did just that.

We are slaves, but we are striving for freedom. You, however, were born free. If so, then why do you help our slave owners?

And then the word Stalinism was thought up. It's a term which became very popular. Even in the West they often say now: "As long as the Soviet Union doesn't return to Stalinism." But there never was any such thing as Stalinism. This was contrived by Khrushchev and his group in order to shift onto Stalin all the characteristics and all the principal defects of Communism. It was a very effective move. But in reality Lenin had managed to give shape to all the main aspects before Stalin ever came on the scene. It was Lenin who deceived the peasants about their land. He is the one who deceived the workers about self-management. He is the one who turned the trade unions into organs of oppression. He is the one who created the Cheka, the secret police. He is the one who created the concentration camps. He is the one who sent troops out to the border areas to crush any national movements for liberation and to set up an empire.

The only new thing that Stalin did was based on mistrust. Where it would have been enough—in order to instill general fear—to jail two people, he would arrest a hundred. And those who followed Stalin have merely returned to the previous tactic: if it is necessary to send two off to jail, then send two, not a hundred. In the eyes of the Party, Stalin's entire guilt lay elsewhere: he did not trust his own Communist Party. Because of this alone the concept of Stalinism was devised. But Stalin had never deviated from the same basic line. They used to sculpt a bas-relief of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin all together; to this one could add Mao Tse-tung, Kim Il Sung, Ho Chi Minh; they are all in the same line of development.

The following theory is also accepted in the West. It is said that China is a sort of purified, puritanical type of Communism, one which hasn't been transformed for the worse. But China is simply a delayed phase of that so-called "War Communism" which was established by Lenin in Russia, but which was in force only until 1921. Lenin established it not because the military situation required it, but because this is how they envisioned the future of their society. But when economic pressure required them to retreat, they introduced the so-called New Economic Policy and they retreated. In China this initial phase has simply lasted longer. China is characterized by all the same traits: massive compulsory labor which is not paid for in accordance with its value; work on holidays; forced living in communes; and the incessant drumming in of slogans and dogmas that abolish the human essence and deny all individuality to man.

What's worst in the world Communist system is its unity, its cohesion. Enrico Berlinguer [the Italian CP leader] quite recently said that the sun had set on the Comintern. Not at all. It hasn't set. Its energy has been transformed into electricity which is now pulsing through underground cables. The sun of the Comintern today spreads its energy everywhere in the form of high-voltage electricity. Quite recently there was an incident when Western Communists indignantly denied that Portugal was operating on instructions from Moscow. Of course, Moscow also denied this. And then it was discovered that those very orders had been openly published in the Soviet magazine *Problems of Peace and Socialism.* These were the very instructions that Ponomarev had given. All the seeming differences among the Communist Parties of the world are imaginary. All are united on one point: your social order must be destroyed. Why should we be surprised if the world doesn't understand this? Even the Socialists who are the closest to Communism don't understand this themselves. They cannot grasp the true nature of Communism. Recently, the leader of the Swedish Socialists, Olof Palme, said that the only way Communism can survive is by taking the path of democracy. That is the same thing as saying that the only way in which a wolf can survive is to stop eating meat and become a lamb. And yet Palme lives right next door. Sweden is quite close to the Soviet Union. I think that he, Mitterrand, and the Italian Socialists will live to the day when they will be in the position that Soares is in today. Soares' situation today, by the way, is not yet at its worst. An even more terrible future awaits him and his party. Only the Russian Socialists—the Mensheviks and the Socialist Revolutionaries—could have told them of the fate that awaits them. But they cannot tell of it; they are all dead, they've all been killed. Read *The Gulag Archipelago* for that.

And these two crises, the political crisis of today's world and the oncoming spiritual crisis, are occurring at the same time

Of course, in the present situation the Communists have to assume various disguises. Sometimes we hear words like "Popular Front," at other times "dialogue with Christianity" is brought up. For *Communists* to have a dialogue with Christianity! In the Soviet Union this dialogue was a simple matter: they used machine guns and revolvers. And today, in Portugal, unarmed Catholics are stoned by the Communists. This happens today. This is dialogue . . . And when the French and the Italian Communists say that they are going to have a dialogue, let them only achieve power and we shall see what this dialogue looks like.

When I traveled to Italy this past April, I was amazed to see hammers and sickles painted on the doors of churches, insults to priests scrawled on the doors of their

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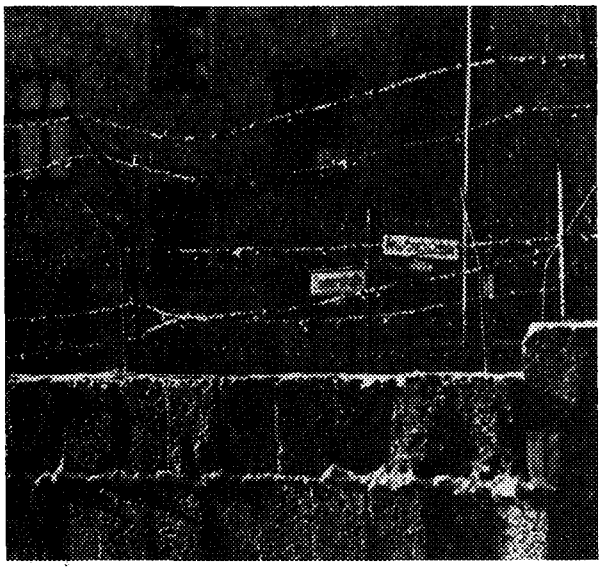

Has the Berlin Wall convinced anyone? No again. It's being ignored. It's there, but it doesn't affect us. We'll never have a wall like that.

houses. In general, offensive Communist graffiti cover the walls of Italian cities. This is today, before they have achieved power. This is today . . . When their leaders were in Moscow, Palmiro Togliatti agreed to all of Stalin's executions. Just let them reach power in Italy and we shall see what the dialogue looks like then.

All of the Communist Parties, upon achieving power, have become completely merciless. But at the stage before they achieve power, it's necessary to adopt disguises.

We Russians, who have had experience with this, find it tragic to see what is going on in Portugal. We were always told, "Well, this happened to you Russians. It's just that you couldn't maintain democracy in your country. You had it for eight months and then it was throttled. That's Eastern Europe for you." But look at Portugal, at the very westernmost edge of Europe, you can't go further west than Portugal. And what do we see there? We see a sort of caricature, a slightly altered version of what happened in Russia. For us it sounds like a repetition. We recognize what's going on and can make the proper substitutions, placing our Socialists in Soares' position. Or another familiar note: in Russia the Bolsheviks also pursued power under the slogan "All power to the Constituent Assembly." But when the elections took place, they got 25 per cent of the vote. So they dispersed the Constituent Assembly. The Communists in Portugal got 12 per cent of the vote. So they made their parliament entirely powerless. What irony: the Socialists have won the elections. Soares is the leader of the victorious party. And he has been deprived of his own newspaper. Just imagine: the leader of a victorious party has been stripped of his own newspaper! And the fact that an Assembly has been elected there and that it will sit in session has no significance whatever. Yet the Western press writes seriously that the first free elections took place in Portugal. Lord save us from such free elections! *(Applause.)*

Specific instances of duplicity, of trickery, can of course change from one set of circumstances to another. But we recognize the Communist character of the episode when the Portuguese military leaders, who are allegedly not Communists, decided to settle the dispute within the newspaper *República* in the following manner. "Come at 12 o'clock tomorrow," they said; "we'll open the doors for you and you settle it all as you see fit." But they opened the doors at 10 o'clock and for some reason only the Communists knew of this. The Communists entered, burned all the incriminating documents, and then the Socialists arrived. Ah, yes, it was of course only an error. An accident; they didn't check the time . . .

These are the sort of tricks—and there are thousands—which make up the history of our revolution. There will be many more such incidents in Portugal. Or take the following example. The current military leadership of Portugal, in order not to lose the assistance of the West (they have already ruined Portugal, there is nothing to eat, so they need help), have declared, "Yes, we shall keep our multi-party system." And the unfortunate Soares, the leader of the victorious party, now has to demonstrate that he is pleased with this declaration in favor of a multi-party system. But on the same day the same source declared that the construction of a classless society will begin immediately. Anyone who is the least bit familiar with Marxism knows that "classless society" implies that there *won't be any parties.* That is to say, on the very same day they said: There will be a multi-party system and we shall strangle every party. But the former is heard while the latter is inaudible. And everybody repeats only that there will be a multi-party system. This is a typical Communist technique.

Portugal has, in effect, fallen out of NATO today. I hate to be a prophet of doom but these events are irreversible. Very shortly Portugal will be considered a member of the Warsaw Pact. It is painful to look at this tragic and ironic repetition of Communist techniques at the far end of Europe, sixty years later. In the same few months we see the throttling of a democracy which had only just begun to get on its feet.

The question of war is also well elucidated in Communist and Marxist literature. Let me show you how Communism regards the question of war. I quote Lenin: "We cannot support the slogan 'Peace' since we regard it as a totally muddled one and a hindrance to the revolutionary struggle" (letter to Alexandra Kollontai, July 1915). "To reject war in principle is un-Marxist. Who objectively stands to gain from the slogan 'peace'? In any case not the revolutionary proletariat" (letter to Shliapnikov, November 1914). "There's no point in proposing a benign program of pious wishes for peace without at the same time placing at the forefront the call for illegal organization and the summons to civil war." This is Communism's view of war. War is necessary. War is an instrument for achieving a goal.

But unfortunately for Communism, this policy ran up against your atomic bomb in 1945. The American atomic bomb. And then the Communists changed their tactics. Then they suddenly became advocates of peace at any cost. They started to convoke Peace Congresses, to circulate petitions for peace, and the Western world fell for this deceit. But the goal, the ideology, remained the same. To destroy your society. To destroy the way of life known in the West.

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But with your nuclear superiority, it wasn't possible to do this then. Hence they replaced one concept with another. They said: What is not war is peace. That is to say, they opposed war to peace. But this was a mistake. Only a part of the antithesis was opposed to the thesis. Although an open war could not be conducted, they could still carry out their oppressions behind the scene—terrorism, partisan war, violence, prisons, concentration camps. I ask you: Is this peace?

The diametric opposite of peace is—violence. And those who want peace in the world should remove not only war from the world, but any violence. If there is no open war, but there is still violence, that is not peace.

As long as in the Soviet Union, in China, and in other Communist countries there's no limit to the use of violence (and now we find India joining in: it appears that Mrs. Gandhi has learned a lot from her trip to Moscow; she has mastered these methods very well, and is now adding another 400 million persons to this continent of tyranny)—as long as there is no limit to this use of violence, as long as nothing restrains the use of violence over this tremendous land mass (more than half of humanity), how can you consider yourselves secure?

America and Europe together are not yet, I agree, an island in the ocean—I won't go so far as to say that. But America together with Europe is now a minority, and the process is still continuing. Until society in those Communist countries can keep a check on the government and can have an opinion on what the government does (now it doesn't even have the least idea of what the government is up to)—until that time comes, the West, and the world generally, has no guarantee at all.

We have another proverb in Russia: Catch on you will, when you're tumbling downhill.

I understand that you love freedom, but in our crowded world you have to pay a tax for freedom. You cannot love freedom just for yourself and quietly agree to a situation where the majority of humanity over the greater part of the globe is being subjected to violence and oppression.

The Communist ideology is to destroy your society. This has been their aim for 125 years and has never changed; only the methods have changed a little. When there is detente, peaceful coexistence, and trade, they will still insist: The ideological war must continue. And what is ideological war? It is a focus of hatred, a continued repetition of the oath to destroy the Western world. Just as, once upon a time in the Roman Senate, a famous speaker ended every speech with the statement: "Furthermore, Carthage must be destroyed," so today, with every act—detente, trade, or whatever the Communist press, acting on secret instructions, sends out thousands of speakers who repeat: "Furthermore, capitalism must be destroyed."

I understand, it's only human that persons living in prosperity have difficulty understanding the necessity of taking steps—here and now, in a state of prosperity—to defend themselves. Even in prosperity one must be on guard.

But if I were to enumerate all the treaties that have been violated by the Soviet Union, it would take me another whole speech. I understand that when your statesmen sign some treaty with the Soviet Union or China you want to believe that it will be carried out. But the Poles who signed a treaty in Riga in 1921 with the Communists also wanted

Yet the Western press writes seriously that the first free elections took place in Portugal. Lord save us from such free elections!

to believe that the treaty would be carried out, and they were stabbed in the back. Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, which signed treaties of friendship with the Soviet Union, also wanted to believe that they would be carried out, but these countries were all swallowed up.

And the persons who sign these treaties with you now—these very men and no others—at the same time give orders for persons to be confined in mental hospitals and prisons. Why should they act differently to you? Do they have any love for you? Why should they act honorably and nobly toward you while they crush their own people? The advocates of detente have never yet explained this.

You want to believe, and you cut down on your armies. You cut down on your research. There used to be an Institute for the Study of the Soviet Union—at least there was one. (You know nothing about the Soviet Union. It's dark over there. These searchlights don't penetrate that far.) *(Applause.)* Knowing nothing, you eliminated the last genuine institute which actually could study this Soviet society, because there wasn't enough money to support it. But the Soviet Union is studying you. You are all wide open here, through the press and Congress. And they study you even more, increasing the size of their staffs. They follow what's going on in your institutions. They visit the buildings when they can; they even visit congressional committees; they study everything.

Of course, peace treaties are very attractive to those who sign them. They strengthen one's prestige with the electorate. But the time will come when the names of these public figures will be erased from history. Nobody will remember them any longer, but the Western peoples will have to pay heavily for these over-trusting agreements. *(Applause.)*

Is it only a question of showing that detente is needed today, here and now? No. We have theoreticians who look very far into the future. The Director of the Russian Institute of Columbia University, Marshall Shulman, at a meeting of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, depicted a radiant long-range future, stating that detente would ultimately lead

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to cooperation between the United States and the USSR in the establishment of a world order. But what sort of new order, in cooperation with insatiable totalitarianism, does this professor want to see established? *(Applause.)* It won't be your order, in any case.

The principal argument of the advocates of detente is well-known: all of this must be done to avoid a nuclear war. But after all that has happened in recent years, I think that I can set their minds at ease, and your minds at ease as well: there will not be any nuclear war. What for? Why should there be a nuclear war if for the last thirty years they have been breaking off as much of the West as they wanted—piece after piece, country after country, and the process keeps going on. In 1975 alone four countries were broken off. Four. Three in Indochina plus India. The process keeps going on, and very rapidly, too. One should be aware of how rapid the tempo is. But let us assume that ultimately the Western world will understand and say, "No, not one step further." What will happen then?

Let me direct your attention to the following fact. You have theoreticians who say: "The U.S. must stop the process of nuclear armament. We have enough already. Today America has enough nuclear weapons to destroy the other half of the world. Why should we need more than that?" Let the American nuclear specialists reason this way if they want, but for some reason the nuclear specialists of the Soviet Union—and for some reason the leaders of the Soviet Union—think differently. Ask your specialists! Leaving aside Soviet superiority in tanks and airplanes, where they surpass you by a factor of four, five, or seven, take the SALT talks alone: in these negotiations your opponent is continually deceiving you. Either he is testing radar in a way which is forbidden by the agreement; or he is violating the limitations on the dimensions of missiles; or he is violating the limitations on their destructive force; or else he is violating the conditions on multiple warheads. As the proverb says, look before you leap, or you will have bruises to keep. *(Applause.)*

At one time there was no comparison between the strength of the USSR and yours. Then it became equal to yours. Now, as all recognize, it is becoming superior to yours. Perhaps the ratio is just greater than unity, but soon it will be 2 to 1. Then 3 to 1. Finally it will be 5 to 1. I'm not a specialist in this area, and you're not specialists either, I suppose, but this can hardly be accidental. I think that if the armaments they had before were enough, they would not have driven things further. There must be some reason for it. With such a nuclear superiority it will be possible to block the use of your weapons, and on some unlucky morning they will declare: "Attention. We are marching our troops to Europe, and if you make a move, we will annihilate you." And this ratio of 3 to 1, or 5 to 1, will have its effect: you will not make a move. Indeed, theoreticians will be found to say, "If only we can have that blessed silence . . ."

Why should there be a nuclear war if for the last thirty years they have been breaking off as much of the West as they wanted—piece after piece, country after country, and the process keeps going on.

For Communists to have a dialogue with Christianity! In the Soviet Union this dialogue was a simple matter: they used machine guns and revolvers

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To make a comparison with chess, this is like two players sitting at a chess board, one of whom has a tremendously high opinion of himself and a rather low opinion of his opponent. He thinks that he will, of course, outplay his opponent. He thinks he is so clever, so calculating, so inventive, that he will certainly win. He sits there, he calculates his moves. With these two knights he will make four forks. He can hardly wait for his opponent to move. He's squirming on his chair out of happiness. He takes off his glasses, wipes them, and puts them back on again. He doesn't even admit the possibility that his opponent may be more clever. He doesn't even see that his pawns are being taken one after the other and that his castle is under threat. It all seems to him like: "Aha, that's what we'll do. We'll set Moscow, Peking, Pyongyang, Hanoi, one against the other." But what a joke! No one will do any such thing. In the meantime, you've been outplayed in West Berlin, you've been very skillfully outplayed in Portugal. In the Near East you're being outplayed. One shouldn't have such a low opinion of one's opponent.

But even if this chess player were able to win the game on the board, carried away by the play, he forgets to raise his eyes; he forgets to look at his opponent and doesn't see that he has the eyes of a killer. And if the opponent cannot win the game on the board, he will take a club from behind his back and shatter the skull of the other chess player, winning the game in that way. *(Applause.)* This very calculating chess player also forgets to raise his eyes to the barometer. It has fallen. He doesn't see that it's already dark outside, that the clouds are coming on, that a hurricane is rising. That's what it means to be too self-confident in chess.

In addition to the grave political situation in the world

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today, we are witnessing the emergence of a wholly new situation, a crisis of unknown nature, one completely different, one entirely nonpolitical. We're approaching a major turning point in world history, in the history of civilization. It can be seen in various areas by various specialists. I could compare it only with the turning point from the Middle Ages to the modern era, a whole shift of civilizations. It is a turning point at which settled concepts suddenly become hazy and lose their precise contours, at which our familiar and commonly used words lose their meaning and become empty shells, at which methods which have been reliable for many centuries no longer work. It's the sort of turning point at which the hierarchy of values to which we have been dedicated all our lives, which we use to judge what is valuable and what is not, and which causes our lives and our hearts to beat, is starting to waver and may perhaps collapse.

And these two crises, the political crisis of today's world and the oncoming spiritual crisis, are occurring at the same time. It is our generation that will have to confront them. The leadership of your country, which is entering the third century of its national existence, will perhaps have to bear a burden greater than ever before seen in the whole of American history. Your leaders during this time (which is so near) will need profound intuition, spiritual foresight, high qualities of mind and soul. May God grant that in those times you will have at the helm of this country personalities as great as those who created your country. *(Applause.)*

In the meantime, you've been outplayed in West Berlin, you've been skillfully outplayed in Portugal. In the Near East you've been outplayed. One shouldn't have such a low opinion of one's opponent

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In recent weeks, when traveling through various of your states, I of course felt that these two cities in which I have made my addresses—Washington and New York—are far from reflecting your country as a whole, with its tremendous diversity and all of its possibilities. Just as old St. Petersburg did not express the whole of Russia, just as Moscow does not reflect the Soviet Union of today, and just as Paris more than once abused its claim to represent all of France.

I was profoundly impressed by my contact with those places which are, and have always been, the wellsprings of your history. It really makes one think: the men who created your country never lost sight of their moral bearings. They did not laugh at the absolute nature of the concepts of "good" and "evil." Their practical policies were checked against that moral compass. And how surprising it is that a practical policy computed on the basis of moral considerations turned out to be the most farsighted and the most salutary—even though in the very short term one wonders: why all this morality? Let's just get on with the immediate job.

The leaders who created your country never said: "Let slavery reign right next door, and we will enter into detente with this slavery, so long as it doesn't come to us."

I have traveled enough through the different states of your country and through its various regions to have become convinced that the American heartland is healthy, strong, and broad in its outlook. I am convinced that these healthy, generous, and inexhaustible forces will help you to elevate the whole style of your governmental leadership.

The tanks rumble through Budapest. It is nothing. The tanks roar into Czechoslovakia. It is nothing. No one else could have been forgiven, but Communism can be excused.

Yet, when one travels in your country and sees your free and independent life, all the dangers which I talked about today indeed seem imaginary. I've come and talked to people, and I see this is so. In your wide open spaces even I get a little infected. The dangers seem a little imaginary. On this continent it is hard to believe all the things which are happening in the world. But, gentlemen, this carefree life cannot continue in your country or in ours. The fates of our two countries are going to be extremely difficult, and it is better to prepare for this beforehand. *(Applause.)*

I understand, I sense that you're tired. You're fatigued, but you have not yet really suffered the terrible trials of the twentieth century which have rained down on the old continent. You're tired, but not as tired as we are, lying crushed to the ground for sixty years. You're tired, but the Communists who want to destroy your system aren't tired; they're not tired at all. *(Applause.)*

I understand that this is the most unfavorable time to come to this country and to make this sort of address. But if it were a favorable time, if it were an appropriate time, there wouldn't be any need for me to speak. *(Applause.)*

Precisely because this is the worst possible time I have come to tell you about our experience *over there*. If our experience in the East could flow over to you by itself, it wouldn't be necessary for me to assume the unpleasant and inappropriate role of orator. I am a writer, and I would prefer to sit and write books.

But a concentration of world evil, of hatred for humanity, is taking place and it is fully determined to destroy your society. Must you wait until it comes with a crowbar to break through your borders, until the young men of America have to fall defending the borders of their continent?

After my first address, as always, there were some

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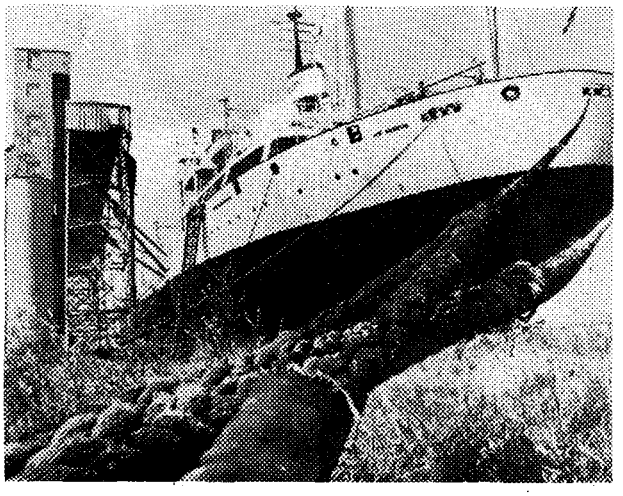
superficial comments in the newspapers, which did not really get to the essence. One of them was as follows: that I came here with an appeal to the United States to liberate *us* from Communism. Anyone who has at all followed what I have said and written these many years, first in the Soviet Union and now in the West, will know that I've always said the exact opposite. I have appealed to my own countrymen—those whose courage has failed at difficult moments, and who have looked imploringly to the West—and urged them: "Don't wait for assistance, and don't ask for it. We must stand on our own feet. The West has enough troubles without us. If they support us, many thanks. But to ask for it, to appeal for it—never."

I said the last time that two processes are occurring in the world today. One is a process of spiritual liberation in the USSR and in the other Communist countries. The second is the assistance being extended by the West to the Communist rulers, a process of concessions, of detente, of yielding whole countries. And I only said: "Remember, *we* have to pull *ourselves* up—but if you defend us you also defend *your own* future."

We are slaves there from birth. We are born slaves. I'm not young any more, and I myself was born a slave; this is even more true for those who are younger. We are slaves, but we are striving for freedom. You, however, were born free. If so, then why do you help our slave owners? *(Applause.)*

In my last address I only requested one thing and I make the same request now: when they bury us in the ground alive (I compared the forthcoming European agreement with a mass grave for all the countries of East Europe—as you know, this is a very unpleasant sensation: your mouth gets filled with earth while you're still alive) please do not send them shovels. *(Applause.)* Please do not send them the most modern earth-moving equipment. *(Applause.)*

By a peculiar coincidence, the very day when I was giving my address in Washington, Suslov was talking with your senators in the Kremlin. And he said, "In fact, the significance of our trade is more political than economic. We can get along without your trade." That's a lie. The whole existence of our slave owners from beginning to end has depended on Western economic assistance. *(Applause.)* As I said the last time, beginning with the first spare parts used to reconstruct our factories in the 1920s, from the construction in Magnitogorsk, Dneprostroi, the automobile and tractor factories built during the first five-year plans, on into the postwar years and to this day, what they need from you is economically absolutely indispensable—not politically but economically indispensable to the Soviet system. The Soviet economy has an extremely low level of efficiency. What is done here by a few people, by a few machines, in our country takes tremendous crowds of workers and enormous masses of materials. Therefore, the Soviet economy cannot deal with every problem at once: war, space (which is part of the war effort), heavy industry, light industry, and at the same time the necessity to feed and clothe its own population. The forces of the entire Soviet economy are concentrated on war, where you won't be helping them. But everything else which is lacking, everything which is needed to fill the gaps, everything which is needed to feed the people or keep industry going, they get from you. So indirectly you are helping them to rearm. You're helping the Soviet police state. *(Applause.)*



Our country is taking your assistance, but in the schools they are teaching and in the newspapers they are writing and in lectures they are saying, "Look at the Western world, it's beginning to rot . . ."

And the persons who sign these treaties with you now—these very men and no others—at the same time give orders for persons to be confined in mental hospitals and prisons

To get an idea of how clumsy the Soviet economy is, I'll give you the following example: what kind of country is it, what kind of great power, which has tremendous military potential, which conquers outer space, but has nothing to sell? All heavy equipment, all complex and delicate technology, is purchased abroad. Then it must be an agricultural country? Not at all; it also has to buy grain. What then can we sell? What kind of economy is it? Can we sell anything which has been created by Socialism? No! Only that which God put in the Russian ground at the very beginning, that's what we squander and that's what we sell. What we got from God in the first place. And when all this comes to an end, there won't be anything left to sell.

The president of the AFL-CIO, Mr. George Meany, has quite rightly said that it is not loans which the United States gives to the Soviet Union, it is economic assistance. It's foreign aid. It's given at a level of interest that is lower than what American working men pay on their home mortgages. That is direct aid.

But this is not all. I said in my last address and would like to repeat it again, that we have to look at every event from the other point of view—from the point of view of the Soviet Union. Our country is taking your assistance, but in the schools they are teaching and in the newspapers they are writing and in lectures they are saying, "Look at the Western world, it's beginning to rot. Look at the economy of the Western world, it's coming to an end. The great predictions of Marx, Engels, and Lenin are

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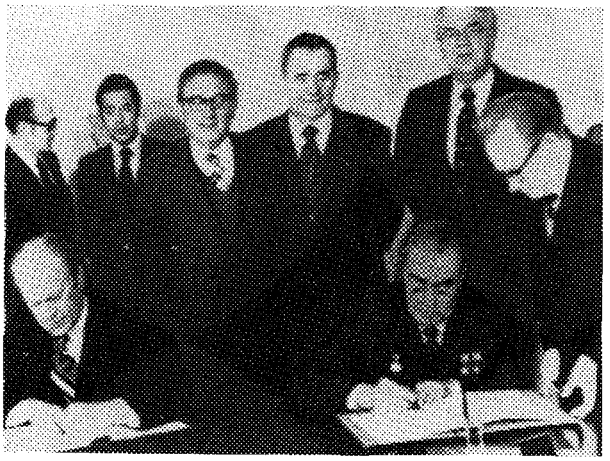

Take the SALT talks alone: in these negotiations your opponent is continually deceiving you. Either he is testing radar in a way which is forbidden by the agreement; or he is violating the limitations on the dimensions of missiles . . .

coming true. Capitalism is breathing its last. It's already dead. And our Socialist economy is flourishing. It has demonstrated once and for all the triumph of Communism." I think, gentlemen, and I particularly address those of you who have a socialist outlook, that we should at least permit this Socialist economy to prove its superiority. Let's allow it to show that it is advanced, that it is omnipotent, that it has defeated you, that it has overtaken you. Let us not interfere with it. Let us stop selling to it and giving it loans. *(Applause.)* If it's all that powerful, then let it stand on its own feet for ten or 15 years. *(Applause.)* Then we will see what it looks like. I can tell you what it will look like. I am being quite serious now. When the Soviet economy is no longer able to deal with everything, it will have to reduce its military preparations. It will have to abandon the useless space effort and it will have to feed and clothe its own people. And the system will be forced to relax.

Thus, all I ask you is that as long as this Soviet economy is so proud, so flourishing, and yours is so rotten and so moribund—stop helping it, then. Where has a cripple ever helped along an athlete? *(Applause.)*

Another distortion appeared in your press with respect to my last address. Someone wrote that "one more advocate of the cold war has come here. One more person has arrived to call on us to resume the cold war." That is a misunderstanding. The cold war—the war of hatred—is still going on, but only on the Communist side. What is the cold war? It's a war of abuse—and they still abuse you. They trade with you, they sign agreements and treaties, but they still abuse you, they still curse you. In sources which you can read, and even more in those which are unavailable to you, and which you don't hear of, in the depths of the Soviet Union, the cold war has never stopped. It hasn't stopped for one second. They never call you anything but "American imperialists." One day, if they wanted, all the Soviet newspapers could say that America wants to subjugate the world, and our people would have nowhere to get any other information. Do I call upon you to return to the cold war? By no means, Lord forbid! What for? The only thing I'm asking you to do is to give the Soviet economy a chance to develop. Do not bury us in the ground, just let the Soviet economy develop, and then let's see.

But can the free and varied Western system follow this policy? Can all the Western countries together say, "It's true, let us stop competing. Let us stop playing up to them. Let us stop elbowing each other and clamoring, 'Me, me, let me have a concession, please give it to me.' " It's very possible that this could not be done. And if this sort of unity cannot be achieved in the West, if, in the frenzied competition of one company with another, they will present earth-moving equipment to our gravediggers, then I'm afraid that Lenin will turn out to have been right. He said: "The bourgeoisie will sell us rope, and then we shall let the bourgeoisie hang itself."

In ancient times trade would begin when one person had come out of a forest or had arrived by sea. He would meet a native and they would show one another that they didn't have a stone or club in their hands, that they were unarmed. And as a sign of this each extended an open hand. This was the beginning of the hand clasp. Today's word "detente" literally means a reduction in the tension of a taut rope. (What an ominous coincidence: a rope again!) So "detente" means a relaxation of tension. But I would say that what we need is rather this image of the *open hand*. Relations between the Soviet Union and the United States of America should be such that there would be no deceit in the question of armaments, that there would be no concentration camps, no psychiatric wards for healthy people. Relations should be such that the throats of our women would no longer be constricted with tears, that

Precisely because this is the worst possible time I have come to tell you about our experience over there

there would be an end to the incessant ideological warfare against you, and that an address such as mine today would in no way be an exception. People would simply be able to come to you from the Soviet Union, from China, and from other Communist countries and would be able to talk freely, without any tutoring from the KGB, without any special approval from the Central Committee of the Party. Rather, they would simply come of their own accord and would tell you the truth about what is going on in these countries.

This would be, I say, a period in which we would be able to present "open hands" to each other. *(Applause.)* □

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DECONTROLLING OIL

Why Subsidize the Arabs?

ALAN REYNOLDS

ABOUT 60 PER CENT of domestic oil is still under price controls. The Ford Administration wants to phase out controls, figuring that higher prices would make it profitable to squeeze another 500,000 barrels a day out of older wells by using costly secondary recovery methods. It expects that gasoline prices will rise by no more than seven cents a gallon by 1978 as a result of decontrol. Democrats expect a much larger increase in gasoline prices, and a ripple effect on the price of substitute fuels such as coal and natural gas. They speak of decontrol as deflationary—"draining" some $30 billion from the economy—as if money spent on domestic fuel were somehow lost to the economy. They also speak of decontrol as inflationary—adding at least 2.4 percentage points to the price index—as if a relative increase in a few prices would provide the money to sustain a general increase in the average of all prices. That is, free market pricing is both inflationary and deflationary.

All of these confused arguments, and their supporting "studies," begin by assuming that if the price of old oil were decontrolled it would quickly rise to the current OPEC level—from $5.25 to more than $13 a barrel. Since this would raise the average price domestic refineries would have to pay for crude oil from about $10 to over $13 a barrel, the refineries would have to recover that cost by charging a higher price for gasoline and other refined products. This reasoning is incorrect.

Limiting the Demand

Consider the situation faced by oil refiners. Their demand for crude oil is derived from the demand for products that are made from that oil. The price for any given quantity of crude is therefore limited by the price consumers are willing to pay for the quantity of refined products. If gasoline inventories are piling up, for example, putting downward pressure on prices at the pump, then gasoline retailers and wholesalers will not be willing to buy as much gasoline at the former price and refiners will not be willing to buy as much crude at the former price.

Right now, the market for the available quantity of refined products will profitably sustain a price of about $10 a barrel for crude. The refiner achieves that cost by mixing some $13 Arab crude with his allocation of $5.25 controlled domestic crude and some uncontrolled domestic oil at approximately $12 a barrel. The Federal Energy Administration allocates $5.25 domestic oil so that refiners who have plenty of it must share with those who do not. A refiner who buys 100 barrels of $13 Arab oil is granted "entitlements" to buy forty barrels of controlled domestic oil at $5.25, and those entitlements can be sold to other refiners for about $13. This scheme raises the demand for imported oil by lowering its net price to refineries to about $10—an average arrived at by mixing costly imported oil with cheap domestic oil. The result is like levying a tax of $7.75 a barrel on domestic producers of old oil (the difference between the $13 market and $5.25 controlled price), while giving a $3 subsidy to foreign oil producers (the difference between the $13 OPEC price and the $10 price achieved by entitlements to cheap controlled oil).

It is widely assumed that if the price of old oil were decontrolled, the price of all domestic crude oil would skyrocket to the prevailing OPEC level. If refiners tried to pass along a matching increase in their average costs, however, the world would soon be swimming in unsalable refined products. The U.S. price of crude oil (if decontrolled) would tend to rise, of course, but the demand for OPEC oil would decline. Refiners who bought costly imported oil would no longer have the cost reduced by valuable entitlements to cheap domestic oil. In the face of falling demand, the only alternative to price cutting by the OPEC nations would be still more production cutbacks, generating a wholesome battle over which country is to absorb the greater loss in sales and revenues. OPEC nations are already producing some 12 million barrels a day less than they could, and all schemes to upset the cartel assume, correctly, that there are limits to how far the cutbacks can go without tempting individual cartel members to increase revenues by secretly discounting the cartel price. Price controls on domestic oil help stabilize the OPEC cartel by guaranteeing the cartel a larger market, and by reducing the incentive to produce more domestic oil.

The Marginal Cost

The price of gasoline is set not by price controls, but by supply and demand. Given demand, and other costs, supply and price are determined by what economists call the "marginal cost" of crude oil—the cost of the last additional barrel. Refiners maximize profits by adding to the supply up to the point where the additional revenue from selling another barrel of gasoline equals the additional cost of buying another barrel of crude. If they produced more than this, the additional production would cost them more than they could recover from the price. It is this sort of comparison of price with the cost of adding to production that determines supply. The *marginal* cost of additional supplies of crude oil is now set by OPEC, and would not necessarily be increased by allowing domestic oil to rise to the world price. Indeed, if eliminating the FEA entitlement program's cross subsidy from old oil to imports weakened the cartel, the marginal cost might well *decline*, thus making it less costly than it is now for a refiner to add to the supply of refined products. The added supply would tend to depress gasoline prices, and the incentive to add to domestic supplies of crude oil would tend to depress OPEC crude prices as well. Giving underpriced oil to those who import overpriced oil makes it easier for OPEC to sell a given quantity of oil at a higher price.

All things considered, it seems that those who advocate a ceiling or rollback on the prices of domestic energy supplies should be required to register as unpaid lobbyists for the OPEC cartel. □

Mr. Reynolds is an economist with Argus Research Corporation in New York.

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Holding Yugoslavia Together

YUGOSLAVIA AND AUSTRIA are having a diplomatic tiff, which, at first glance, seems highly unlikely. There is Yugoslavia, firmly committed to Communism and run by the League of Communists, regarding itself as the guardian of the one true heritage of Marx and Lenin, and playing the role of the Third World's European bridgehead. And here is Austria, a small neutral country, a member of neither the Common Market, NATO, the Atlantic Alliance, nor any other body striving to stem the Communist advance (though nevertheless Western in all its sympathies). Conflict would not seem to be inevitable.

And yet Yugoslavia has mounted a full-scale propaganda operation against Austria. After a furious campaign in the Yugoslav papers (which, needless to say, invariably spout the government's opinion) against Austria's alleged suppression of Slovenes and its support of neo-Nazism, militarism, revanchism, imperialism, fascism, and monopoly capitalism, Austria at long last recalled its ambassador from Belgrade "for consultations."

The charges against Austria are, of course, quite ridiculous. Sure, the Slovenes in southern Carinthia, now numbering probably less than 30,000, are diminishing. But after all, if a person wants to have a career in Austria he simply has to attend the schools and become proficient in German; and by the time he has reached middle class status and become urbanized he will, without any great effort, have adopted Austro-German habits. Thus the Austrian Slovenes are becoming Germanized in exactly the same way that European immigrants to the United States become Americanized. (There are also, incidentally, a quarter of a million workers from Yugoslavia in Austria, thousands of whom have applied for Austrian citizenship. They are, evidently, not the least bit afraid of Germanization.)

Yugoslavia's angry, well organized outburst against Austria came only a few months after an even more violent protest against the Soviet Union. That wave of national indignation was caused by Soviet military men who claimed that it was, in fact, the Red Army that had "liberated" Yugoslavia. Tito disagrees, and one must admit in all candor that on this issue he is more right than wrong. With the aid of Western propaganda and war matériel, Tito managed to build a large army whose leadership was Communist, but whose rank and file were not. It was he—not the Red Army—who rallied the masses against the Germans.

The Yugoslavians lost no time explaining this bit of history to the Soviets, and this provides the key to the more recent anti-Austrian campaign. The fruits of World War I are still with us, among them the synthetic, unhistoric political units of Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, names unknown prior to 1918. Now Yugoslavia is obsessed with fear over what could happen after Tito's death to the multinational state he rules. The nationalities in question are predominantly South Slav (i.e., "Yugoslav")—Serbs, Slovenes, and the so-called Macedonians—who understand each other's languages, but only up to a point. In addition, there are sizable minorities who are not Slav at all—Magyars, Albanians, Rumanians, and some Italians. And even within each of these nationalities there are cultural, historical, and geographically-conditioned differences.

Turn of the Screw

What is it, then, that holds this centrifugal country together? Before World War II it was the extremely brutal dictatorship of the Karagjorgjevic dynasty. When the war came to Yugoslavia, the non-Serb soldiers murdered their Serb officers and in eight days the country had totally broken down. Now, apart from Tito's mortal person, it is almost solely the *Savez Komunista*, the Communist League.

But Tito is old and will not help hold the country together for long. Therefore, the Communist regime in Yugoslavia has lately been tightening its screws. It has been putting pressure on the various manifestations of nationalism as well as on all critics of Communism. Only a few years ago Yugoslavia appeared to be a model of humane Marxism, as well as an enticing mixture of a collectivist economy with some concessions to small enterprise. But now all deviations from the Marxist dogmas are systematically denounced.

Weakening Clasp

This development was foreseeable, though not often foreseen. If Communism is all that holds Yugoslavia together, any weakening of this clasp must prove fatal. Disunited in every other respect, Yugoslavia could have no other common denominator. A pan-South-Slav nationalism simply does not exist, which is why it was childish to suppose that the exposure of the "persecution of our Slovene brothers in Austria" might create an all-Yugoslav bond of indignation as a uniting factor. But with the deterioration of the economic situation, mass unemployment, and cases of large-scale corruption, the Belgrade government has become highly nervous. "Unity at any price" is the watchword. Hence the apparently senseless attack on Austria.

However, two factors do help support the Yugoslav state and, to some extent, unite its citizens today—and perhaps they will keep it united after Tito's death: fear of a Russian invasion, and fear of themselves, i.e., the realization that if the mutual hatreds explode, the most dreadful, fratricidal war might result, and the horrors and massacres of 1941-1946 be repeated.

The threat of Russian intervention is a real threat. Only last year parts of the *Polyarka* plans were published in Austria, proof of the existence of a detailed Soviet blueprint for invading eastern Austria in the course of an attack on Yugoslavia. (The Soviets vehemently protested the publicity given these plans, but never denied their authenticity.) All of this means that Yugoslavia, especially in the event of inner turmoil, could be attacked from practically *all* sides by the Soviets, who would come on a "humanitarian mission to stop fratricidal bloodshed." □

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Good, Evil, and Statesmen

THE RECENT HASSLE over President Ford's refusal to entertain Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn underscores the moral dilemma in which any American statesman may find himself today: how long can he continue choosing the lesser of two evils, before he must be reckoned as siding with evil? Can a people or its leaders, any more than an individual, go on indefinitely allowing, choosing, sanctioning, conniving at, condoning lesser evils without *becoming* evil?

Particularly since World War II, American statesmen seem to have addressed this haunting dilemma by consistently choosing the lesser evil as if it were the only choice. A few examples: the forced repatriation by the U.S.A. and its allies of over a million Russian refugees back into Stalin's murder camps (greater evil envisaged: a quarrel with our ally); our silence at West Pakistan's decimation of Bangladesh (greater evil: West Pakistan's refusal to help us in our trek to Peking); our connivance, against our own laws, at Turkey's occupation of Cyprus, which has produced over a quarter of a million homeless refugees (greater evil: disintegration of our eastern Mediterranean nuclear policy). And now Helsinki: by his signature, President Ford has declared the imposed frontiers of Soviet Europe inviolable (greater evil: clouding of detente).

Moral Stuttering

The Presidents and Secretaries of State who have so consistently made these choices were not, are not, moral monsters or irreligious opportunists, any more than the President and Secretary of State who were caught in the badly bungled and unprofessionally handled Solzhenitsyn case. Here, in fact, one can take their clumsy evasions as the governmental equivalent of stuttering in a man who at least knows he is wrong. (Men of politics should be wary of tangling with a man of the spirit. They cannot win.)

Men who consistently choose lesser evils, fearful and morally weak men, believe that the morally correct thing—honoring a Solzhenitsyn, for example, or refusing to accept Soviet hegemony of the Baltic States—would mean annihilation. In this fear, they forget that only moral power finally prevails; and, in their weakened morality, they cannot see that nothing in postwar Soviet behavior suggests the Soviets can stand up to moral courage.

Ever since that chilling moment when the Soviet leaders convinced their American counterparts that nuclear confrontation was inevitable unless the Soviet Union had access to the benefits of detente (American technology; food deals; most-favored-nation treatment; flexibility in the status of the Middle East; de facto, at least, acceptance of present European borders of the Soviet Empire), detente has dictated American policy.

Against the vast backdrop of lesser evils that make up our current response to the Iron Curtain, Solzhenitsyn could be seen as merely one of detente's minor casualties. But with each of these tawdry and painful dramas of detente, Americans ask themselves: Where do we stop our conniving?

In this era of inescapable detente, Mr. Kissinger remarked recently, "the problem of peace takes on a profound moral and practical difficulty. The necessity of peace is itself a moral imperative." So simplistic (if appealing) a reckoning of "moral imperative" seems to reduce the question of morality to, "How much can we take?"—economically, militarily, politically. The answer to this statistical question will frequently be, "Quite a lot." Note, for example, Hubert Humphrey's recent assertion that by signing at Helsinki we are "merely facing the facts"—as if Soviet tyranny constituted all the facts to be considered. Moral dilemma has been transformed into a problem of raw power.

Others treat moral good and evil as if they were two basic tints of color spread over a shaded band in an almost infinite variety of delicate hues. There is no clear dividing line, no absolute. Morality has no distinct value, no preponderance, no priority. So, Mr. Ford has declared that the Helsinki signing "represents political as well as moral—not legal—commitments." It is as if he expects a national sigh of relief at that explanation: everyone knows there is nothing binding about a moral commitment, after all. For all has become relative to the situation—our needs, the adversary's strength, our opportunity, a legal agreement. And there is *nothing* worth dying for, just as there is no absolute value in living. The dilemma is now merely a practical one.

Dies Irae

Neither of these views of morality corresponds to the deep-seated religious instincts of Americans. In the fateful game of nations, Americans not only understand but demand that *responsible* alternatives be tried before facing the rigors of confrontation. But that responsibility will be measured by a moral absolute—and that, in turn, will be supplied only by religious belief, not by questions of material advantage. The choice of a lesser evil in order to slip away from a hard risk can only be an expedient. Now, American statesmen have transformed mere expedient into deliberate and sustained policy. They cannot do so with impunity.

True: economic, political, even military successes of such a policy may blunt the effect of moral objections for quite a while. But there will be a day of reckoning. The passive acceptance of lesser evils violates the sense of right and wrong Americans derive from their belief: the sense that there is an absolute difference between good and evil, in big things and small; that each individual, and the nation as a whole, must answer to God for choices made for evil, lesser and greater.

If the substance of this belief is continually flown in false colors over the political grandstanding and international compromising of America's leaders, that will be a violation of faith so great that it could tear us apart, irreversibly: from our government, and from each other. But if fearful statesmen will trust that faith, they will find it sufficient to rally and sustain Americans in any confrontation with evil. □

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Arts & Manners

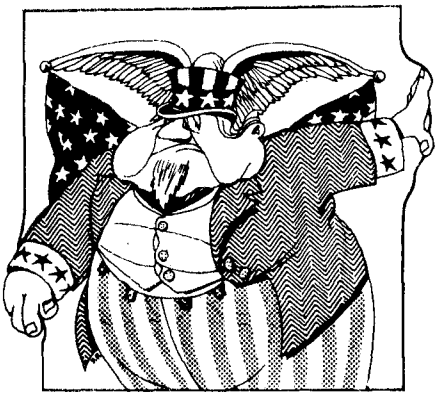
The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Overeaters Anonymous

I go incognito. My costume is simple: five quick glasses of water, taken neat. Funny thing about it, so far no one at Overeaters Anonymous has guessed that I'm a ringer. I run maybe five-five, 175, dripping wet: what you'd call large-boned. It's no joke, six or seven people here are at death's door, waiting for death to take off the hinges and the molding so they can pass. Fat is the American disease: never has one nation weighed so much per man. All those goddam amber waves of grain.

The obese have a terrible gait—ponderous, incurving, yet delicate—as if they meant to surround small objects with their feet, say, scuff together piles of leaves. Some clothes ride up, with a perfunctory nod to others riding down. Biceps are underneath the arm. They won't look at you below the second chin, and they'd appreciate a similar courtesy, thanks. Facial features have been upstaged, made small: they peer out like children pressed into the service of unnatural adulthood. Ninety-five per cent female: there's a double standard in fatness. Men who are overweight can look—well, substantial.



Everyone up for roll call. "I'm Harriet, I'm a compulsive overeater." All: "Hello, Harriet—welcome!" "I'm Judy, I'm a compulsive overeater." All: "Hello, Judy—welcome!" Their heartiness sounds somewhat staged—the way I'd sound raising on a pair of jacks—but these are mostly new members, "babies" in OA's special self-deprecatory jargon, and they need cheerleading. About ten first-timers stand up. I let my five glasses of water hang out. "I'm Sally, I'm new and I'm a compulsive overeater." Welcome, Sally. "Ah, I'm Keith. I'm new and I've got these large bones—" Welcome, Keith.

We join dead-weight hands in a circle. This isn't what I expected: three tons of ring around the rosie. Our leader asks for silence: "Let us meditate on strength." Then the chant begins: "God grant us serenity to accept the things we cannot change. Courage to change the things we can. And wisdom to know the difference." God? God and weight loss? Why not: Lo, I am with you always. This isn't Diet Control or Weight Watchers, where they run you up on a warehouse scale, week by week, and see if anyone laughs. By now probably the attack sounds familiar: yes, OA is a scion of Alcoholics Anonymous. *Twelve Steps and Twelve Traditions*, an AA text, is used without alteration, just substitute meatball hero for martini as you read. One woman told me: "I tried all those appetite control programs. I lost weight, then I put it on again. Those were the lowest points in my life. But with OA I face the fact that I'm powerless over food. I'm a sick person. It's 98 per cent psychological and 2 per cent physical. I was a secret eater. I tried to hide the truth." Uh-huh. Bet all this metric changeover nonsense was invented by some compulsive eater. After all, a three-hundred-pound man weighs less than 137 kilos.

The God of OA and AA is a nondescript person. He has no affiliation; He can be worshiped without ritual or liturgy. Fat, and alcoholism, are manifestations of defiance and pride. They need to be subdued. An OA meeting, in its laconic way, is "the threshing floor" of James Baldwin's *Go Tell It on the Mountain*. American as a hardshell Baptist revival or a Christian Science healing session. People confess; they read testimonials. Satan has been encountered and a report, however prosaic, is put on file. "I can't handle supermarkets, I brought someone with me because I didn't know if there was an all-night grocery around here." You might laugh, if it's your habit to laugh at desperation. These are people with broken wills. Step Eleven in the AA text states that we "sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understand Him, praying only for the knowledge of His will." As we understand Him. God is a third party, a neutral observer in the DMZ: acceptable to Jew and Christian and atheist. He stands for another will: one that can be disregarded, but never broken. The concept is a subtle tactic. A trick, of course. God, as Christians understand Him, has been used. Given the circumstances, I doubt if He'd mind.

WHERE TWO OR THREE are gathered together. Gathering, communion even at long distance, is an OA tool. Everyone writes first name and telephone number in the "We Care Book." A leader says, "Even if you follow the diet, you're not temperate unless you make at least three phone calls per day." Other Christian strategies have been appropriated. There's even a collection plate (all OA cells are self-supporting). Each "baby" selects one "sponsor"; note the baptismal terminology. Sponsors are often fatter than their sponsees and this fatness is cherished. ("I don't want some skinny advising me.") For the compulsive overeater there are daunting moments and hours and days. Years. A sponsor will comfort and encourage. A sponsor judges not. Babies are told to weigh themselves only once per month: OA must be considered a long-term investment, not a go-go stock. That's another Christian commonplace: evil cannot be cured; the devil is a resilient sort.

"I can't handle supermarkets . . ." This is the language of addiction. Ex-

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cuse my bluntness: as a national problem—in terms of human misery, in terms of real damage, physical and mental—obesity makes drug addiction look like thumb-sucking. A trifle. You can give up heroin cold, but you can't give up food. Every third TV commercial is a pusher. And consider the cruelty: drug addicts get compassion and media coverage and their very own federal bureaucracies. The fat woman is a laughing-stock. Try it: finish this paragraph and fast for one day. See what self-imposed hunger can do to the spirit. These people have suffered; they will probably suffer shame and deprivation until they die. Next time you pray to God, as you understand Him, say a prayer for the fat. □

DANCE

LINDA BRIDGES

Gala Night

As I was leaving Lincoln Center one evening, a young man handed me a mimeographed sheet advertising a new magazine, *Ballet Dancer*. "As you are no doubt aware," the sheet said, "we are now in the midst of a 'NO-STAR' syndrome which has become part and parcel, of U.S. Ballet; we do not know for instance, who is the Leading Dancer, Solo Dancers, or Members of the Corps de Ballet, and in some 'rare' cases we do not even know who the Choreographer is . . . !"

If they'd tried for the last decade, the editors could hardly have picked a more ironic time to say that. It was the week some 1,800 people, including the First Lady of the United States, paid up to $10,000 to see Rudolf Nureyev and Margot Fonteyn dance Martha Graham's new *Lucifer*. Audiences were flocking to New York City Ballet to watch Suzanne Farrell, George Balanchine's favorite dancer. And half of American Ballet Theatre's summer season was already sold out, a month ahead, because of Mikhail Baryshnikov, his new partner Gelsey Kirkland, Nataliya Makarova, and, in the opening-night *Raymonda*, Erik Bruhn, Cynthia Gregory, and (again) Rudolf Nureyev.

No shortage of well-known names there; and it was the names, and the dancers attached to them, that made ABT's opening a gala night. It was Nureyev's first major performance with the company. It was the beginning of Erik Bruhn's comeback from his premature retirement. And they were partnering, for the first time, Cynthia Gregory, ABT's finest homegrown ballerina and one of the world's top virtuoso dancers.

Balletomanes had been eagerly asking how these partnerships would work. Gregory is in the difficult position of being a tall classical ballerina. Since you could count on the fingers of one hand the tall men who are also great classical dancers, she usually winds up with partners who are not great dancers, like Ted Kivitt and Jonas Kage. But last year, Nureyev came backstage one evening, measured himself against her, and decided: "We might just do."

In many ways, they more than just do. The angle of their legs in the pas de deux was identical, and they are both long on panache. Only the finest of actors can manage to look protective toward a woman who towers over him, which Gregory did when she rose on toe, since she is only a couple of inches shorter than both Nureyev and Bruhn; but then, they *are* the finest of actors. Nor did the dozens of lifts cause them any problem. So does height matter after all? Alas, yes. Many classical poses were designed with a certain height ratio in mind, and varying it too much spoils the line. It's not a major disability, but it introduces a disturbing hint of awkwardness.

AWKWARDNESS, this ballet doesn't need. *Raymonda* is more often excerpted than performed whole, and it is not difficult to see why. The Glazunov music is not, except for two splendid numbers in Act III, terribly good. And, as in Petipa's other showcase ballets like *Sleeping Beauty*, the story is chiefly an excuse for a dizzying array of dances. At that, Nureyev has done a lot to give it a psychological point. In the original version, Raymonda, a young noblewoman of the early thirteenth century, is betrothed to a Crusader, Count Jean de Brienne. Before he returns from the Holy Land, a Saracen knight named Abdul-Rakhman turns up and demands Raymonda's hand. The Saracen commands various national dances for her entertainment and, when they're finished, abducts her. Jean arrives, they duel, Jean wins and marries Raymonda. As Nureyev has reworked it, Raymonda meets Jean for the first time when he returns victorious from the Crusades, and everything between their first brief meeting and the wedding takes place in Raymonda's dream.

In a sort of casting-against-type that worked brilliantly, Bruhn, the perfect *danseur noble*, played the exotic, *macho* Abdul; Nureyev, who two weeks before had danced the sensual, tormented Lucifer, played Jean. They sketched in their respective characters just by the way they stood at opposite ends of the stage, squared off like two tomcats, as they watched Raymonda dancing: Bruhn standing legs apart, arms crossed, arrogantly sensual; Nureyev standing gracefully, feet together, his hands slightly extended toward Raymonda. Abdul demands Raymonda's love as his right; Jean is bewildered by her lack of interest but determined to win her.

However, since Jean partly and Abdul entirely come from the corners of Raymonda's own imagination, she is the central character, the one who should change and be changed. Unfortunately, Cynthia Gregory's acting hasn't yet grown up to the level of her dancing. She's fine at the beginning, dancing happily with her friends and then growing wistful as her ladies unfurl the glorious twenty-foot-long white train she is to wear at her wedding, the train that shrinks this imposing woman into little-girlhood. But in the dream—nothing. Neither simple affection and respect for Jean and simple sexual attraction to Abdul; nor a mixed attraction to/repulsion from Abdul's power and arrogance, versus attraction to/disdain for Jean's courtliness and gentleness. Even when, in Act II, she dances with each man in turn and sometimes both together, there is no difference in her manner as she turns from one to the other. Like the Last Duchess, she smiles the same smile for both.

This indifference, in turn, allows the dramatic thread to snap during the long series of national dances in Act II. These are the Saracen's gift to Raymonda, his attempt to woo her. She should react to them and to him one way or the other, as Siegfried, in *Swan*

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Lake, reacts to the dance of the princesses from whom his mother wishes him to choose a bride. Theoretically, perhaps, that should be unnecessary: Petipa undoubtedly meant this act to carry itself as a feast of pure dance. But that would require greater depth in the soloist level than ABT has.

A pity, because this *Raymonda* is full of beautiful choreography, some of it quite unusual: Raymonda's pas de deux with Jean and pas de trois with Jean and Abdul; her ladies' dance with the train; her final Near Eastern solo. And the story, as reworked by Nureyev, is fine. But everything—all the principals' acting, and everyone's dancing—must be top-notch for it to come to life. And that is the difference between a great ballet and a very good ballet. □

DEMOCRACY

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

West Village Town Meeting

Some weeks ago a colleague of mine, beleaguered in the western sector of Greenwich Village, invited me to join her in a ritual exercise in civic indignation. I told her that community action suggests to me hordes of students in khaki and the Columbia Tenants' Union, but she assured me that the show would be a good one; more, it would cost me nothing save a promise to keep my notebook securely buttoned under my posterior.

The cab turned west before we came to Washington Square, and we passed among elegant Victorian townhouses to Sheridan Square and on through the little pink jumbled Federalist houses with their delis, antique shops, and rear-garden restaurants. Behind the front glass of the bars the silent silhouettes of heads bobbed vertically to the beat of unheard jukeboxes. We caught the rank salt smell of the Hudson, but turned north into Weehawken Street before we hit the Marion Javits Pier, which one of New York's First Ladies had wanted to make into a hive of painters' studios with holes cut in the doors to allow tourists to watch genius sweat.

I paid the driver and followed Laura up a flight of steps and into a small apartment painted chocolate and studded with klieg lights. Our hosts brought us spritzers, and I in turn admired a foundling cat of uncertain sex. "I call it a her, but John calls it a he." Several more men arrived, and we began to plot strategy against the arrival of the operators of a few of the local bars. When the barmen appeared we all had another drink and the meeting began.

It was agreed to recognize the local Ciceros in clockwise order as they sat around the room. An elderly Scandinavian, wearing the green garage suit that is the American imperialist counterpart to the Maoist smock, led off. Although he owned much of the block, he said, he couldn't care less what went on in the privacy of the boudoir, but dropping your genitals into the street was something "we don't want to show the children." If this practice, and that of prancing in the street and leaving the bar doors open all night, were stopped, and the jukeboxes and tambourines effectively reproved, then that was all he, personally, asked for: "I don't tell nobody how to live, that's up to them and it's their business." He was succeeded by a thickset, formerly handsome fellow who had been tinkering with his Thunderbird in the street before coming to the meeting; he appeared to have been lubricating his esophagus. He held the corner of a sheet of paper with scribbles, and called everyone to attention many times before he was suppressed by the stopwatch. I passed up my turn to orate.

The bartender of The Peter Rabbit was a painfully thin man whose hipbones ridged the flanks of his white levis: his dark hawk's face jerked the red eye of his cigarette. "Homosexual—*I'm* homosexual, and proud of it! It's been my way, my life." ("Nobody's

used the word 'homosexual,' " said the man in the garage suit.) The uproar at night was made not by his local patrons but by street people like the gang of Puerto Rican faggots who flock to the West Village after dark. And *his* days of breaking up street fights outside the premises were *over*: "Do *you* know what it's like—the taunts, the filth?" He'd had his mashed nose, his night in jail.

Through the hiss and rumble of a rolling storm over the river, people discussed the matter of the police. Choleric residents had been calling the patrol cars at three in the morning, but the cops came, saw, and went, and so some other means had to be designed for the utilization of their talents. A foot-patrol was suggested by a short woman in a lavender housecoat: or "I'm going to throw a bomb!" But some of those present had an aversion to calling the police, whose sordid interest in a certain Pier 48—the scene of passionate killings and other darkly romantic deeds—was not to be reawakened. (A couple of months earlier, the murderer of three men had been seized in a gay bar, a pistol strapped to his inner thigh, but now the cops were back to benign neglect.) Anyhow, the City wasn't going to waste foot-patrolmen on a bunch of jukeboxes.

BUT IN THE END the cops seemed to represent the only solution, as the bar owners refused to accept responsibility for the cavortings of the faggot carpetbaggers whom the local bourgeoisie were weary of dousing with water as they sat all night in squabbling couples on stoops. So, without the formality of even a hand-vote, the meeting agreed unanimously to call upon the gentlemen of the Sixth Precinct to see if they would provide a peace-keeping team in a patrol car to cruise the neighborhood on weekends. Afterward, we had another drink and chatted with the owner of Choo-Choo's Pier—the principal butt of neighborly wrath—who seemed to be a serious-minded Rotarian eager to keep his relations with the community *virgo intacta*.

I walked Laura home, where we found it unnecessary to use the fan to drown the jukebox across the street. I had a beer and said goodnight. As I walked along Christopher Street in the misty afterbreath of the thundershower, I was hailed by a dark shadow in an entryway who wished to work his wicked will with me. With a suddenly discovered sympathy for the anti-rape squad of the women's movement, I put up my chin and notified my leg-muscles of danger. "Stuck-up faggot!" yelled the shadow.

Further along Christopher a figure in a Havisham wedding-dress spun wildly on roller-skates in a barroom door. I flagged a taxi. □

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BOOKS

Orwell's Achievement

JACK CHATFIELD

Orwell and the Left
By Alex Zwerdling
Yale University Press, 215 pp., $10
George Orwell and the Origins of 1984
By William Steinhoff
University of Michigan Press, 288 pp., $12.50

"As the corpse went past the flies left the restaurant table in a cloud and rushed after it, but they came back a few minutes later." This is the first line in Orwell's "Marrakech." In this and other essays, and in sections of his novels and documentaries, he has, I believe, written some of the finest prose in the English language. There is a force and directness about his writing, a simplicity and lack of factitiousness, that is remarkable, and after an immersion in Orwell one is not surprised to know that he said more than once that talent was just another name for conviction. Yet, there is a pretty general agreement among critics that much, even most, of what Orwell wrote is a failure from the literary point of view. It is one of the curiosities of Orwell's reputation, as Professor Zwerdling says in *Orwell and the Left*, that he "has come to be more admired as a man than as a writer." Such an attitude, Zwerdling suggests, is based "on the sense that Orwell's characteristic voice comes through in everything he wrote, no matter how imperfect, and on the feeling that he never found a literary *form* which would serve as an ideal vehicle for that voice." Zwerdling shares this attitude, which is, in fact, the premise of his book.

As Orwell experimented with conditions of life, so he experimented all his life with literary forms. He was clearly uncomfortable with the novel—so much so that his first published work, *Down and Out in Paris and London*, is such a thinly veiled documentary that it is simpler just to call it that, which Zwerdling does. "One difficulty I have never solved," wrote Orwell in a letter, "is that one has masses of experience which one passionately wants to write about . . . and no way of using them except by disguising them as a novel." Small wonder that his novels—at least the early ones—carry the burden of Orwell's doubts. Zwerdling's judgment is acute: "One constantly feels that Orwell thought of the novel as a kind of monster which could feel but not think, and onto which he was determined to graft a brain—his own." In the early novels (from *Burmese Days* through *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*), says Zwerdling, "the need to inform and convince has displaced the novelist's obligation to imagine and invent."

If his novels lacked coherence, his first undisguised documentary, *The Road to Wigan Pier*, was acutely fragmented. Part reporter's notebook and part spiritual autobiography, *Wigan* is plagued, in Zwerdling's view, by "starts and stops, mysterious shifts from description to narration, from narration to tangentially relevant analytical essays, from essays to confession, from confession to exhortation." Zwerdling is certainly right. *Wigan* is Orwell's most idiosyncratic, and in many ways his most exciting, work of reportage. What attracts us is its thickness and its absence of form. It is a running monologue by an interesting and prickly man, broken cheerfully into chapters as if the narrator had paused here and there to brew himself a cup of tea. Orwell was clearly in his element, and the book's reception (it was distributed by the Left Book Club and made Orwell a "figure" overnight) could only have buoyed this spirited, struggling writer.

Yet *Homage to Catalonia*, published the next year, a book which Orwell and most critics consider his finest documentary, was a colossal failure. Fewer than seven hundred copies were sold in the six months after publication, and only two hundred more before Orwell's death 12 years later. For this reason, among others, Orwell abandoned the documentary as he had already abandoned, except for one final attempt, the realistic novel. His last years, of course, were immensely successful ones. With his essays, his fable (*Animal Farm*), and his utopian fantasy (*1984*), Orwell finally reached the wide audience he had always sought.

With care and compassion, Zwerdling traces Orwell's struggle with form. Occasionally severe but always balanced, he cannot quite bring himself to condemn Orwell's most famous work on aesthetic grounds. "It is tempting," he writes, "to see Orwell's achievement in writing didactic fantasy as the successful conclusion of his lifelong search for form." Yet as an honest and exacting critic, Zwerdling overcomes the temptation. Instead, he offers an evaluation of Orwell's career which is worth quoting at length:

> Given the multiplicity of his interests and the complexity of his own makeup, it is hardly surprising that few—if any—of his books strike us as seamless. The difficulty of the task he set himself—to find a literary vehicle that could accommodate confession, realistic observation, intellectual analysis, and political persuasion—was surely bound to defeat him, and helps to explain why so many of his works later struck him as failures. Nearly everything he wrote gives us a sense of a troubled consciousness attempting to find a means of expression that would serve all of his complex needs as an artist, as a political

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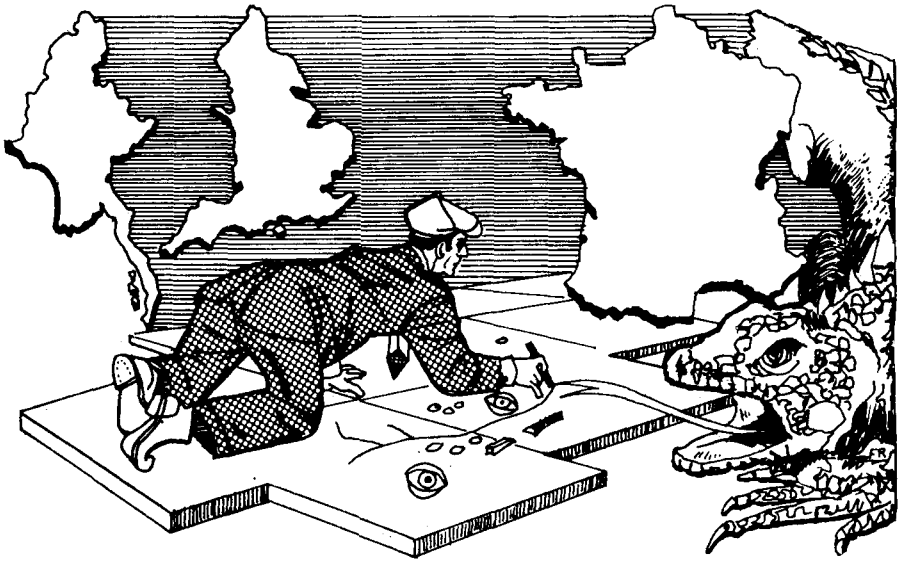
thinker, and as a human being. It is perhaps our sense of the ambitiousness and inherent difficulty of this attempt that makes us discount some of the obvious imperfections of Orwell's work and see the career itself as more successful and impressive than the individual works it produced.

Zwerdling is an able critic who knows there are standards beyond the aesthetic. William Steinhoff, on the other hand, is concerned with content and does not agonize over the artistic shortcomings of the man who has been called "the conscience of his generation." In *George Orwell and the Origins of 1984*, Steinhoff has given us a superb piece of intellectual biography. At first glance it may seem that his focus is narrower than Zwerdling's, but this is deceptive. As Steinhoff says, "there is scarcely anything Orwell wrote that is not assimilated into *1984*," the book that



Stephen Spender called "the accumulated experience of years." Steinhoff must know what Orwell read, what he did, and what he wrote. His scholarship is meticulous, his judgments acute, and, more than incidentally, he corrects a major error that Zwerdling makes in his otherwise thoughtful book.

THIS INVOLVES the influence of James Burnham on Orwell's developing idea of totalitarianism. Orwell, of course, had read most of the utopian fiction of the twentieth century (Wells, Chesterton, London, Huxley, and Zamyatin), and during the 1930s he absorbed virtually every study of the Soviet Union, fictional or nonfictional, that was published in the West (Koestler, Souvarine, Trotsky, Eugene Lyons, Muggeridge, and the celebration written by the Webbs). Steinhoff weighs the impact that each of these writers had on Orwell, citing fragments of this work or that which found their way into *1984*, and incidentally demolishing Isaac Deutscher, who has written in an influential essay that Orwell plagiarized Zamyatin's *We*.

Steinhoff's conclusion, after this careful survey, is categorical: "If one had to choose the single writer who most profoundly affected the shaping of *1984*, that writer would, I believe, be James Burnham." It is true that Orwell fought Burnham tooth and nail on certain points. Indeed, *The Managerial Revolution* and *The Machiavellians* acted on Orwell as the weather does on an old war wound. Commenting on Burnham's analysis of the role of force and deceit in political life, Orwell wrote: "The fact that this shallow piece of naughtiness can—just because it sounds 'realistic' and grown-up—be accepted without any examination does not speak well for the Anglo-American intelligentsia." This recalls Orwell's earlier assaults on intellectuals for which he had become famous.

Orwell resisted, then, what he thought to be extreme and apocalyptic in Burnham's work. Yet, curiously, as Steinhoff points out, what "Orwell has done in *1984* is to assume that Burnham's analysis is correct and to work out the consequences." Immanuel Goldstein, the "opposition" figure in *1984*, is certainly the *historical* parallel of Trotsky. But Goldstein's *ideas*, as well as many of the conditions of life portrayed in the novel—the division of the world into three great nations, the state of permanent war, the tyrannical rule of the bureaucrat-intellectuals with their naked power-lust—those belong to Burnham. Zwerdling is plainly mistaken when he says that Goldstein's writings, fragments of which appear in *1984*, are based upon Trotsky's *The Revolution Betrayed*. He is making the common error of assuming that Trotsky was both the historical *and* the intellectual model for Goldstein. Steinhoff, to my knowledge, is the first scholar who has managed to separate these two threads and give Burnham his due.

IT IS DIFFICULT to write about George Orwell without surrendering to the impulse to commemorate him, and each of these studies is, in its own way, a lucid commemoration. Orwell as a personality is one of the most compelling in the history of literature. He is not, as Lionel Trilling has rightly said, a genius; he may not even be, as Professor Zwerdling says he is not, an artistic success. Yet his impact has been so great that it is quite beyond measure. Conor Cruise O'Brien paid Orwell high tribute when he said that his writings "shook the confidence of the English Left, perhaps permanently," and compared his effect on the left-wing intelligentsia "to that of Voltaire on the French nobility: he weakened their belief in their own ideology, made them ashamed of their clichés, left them intellectually more scrupulous and more defenseless." Orwell's influence, of course, has been as great among the masses as among the intellectuals. In the last few days I have watched a young tennis court attendant devour in succession *The Bermuda Triangle*, *Jaws*, and *1984*. This illustrates better than anything I can think of the unique success of *1984*. There is no doubt that the language and atmosphere of the novel became fixed reference points in our mental lives, and in this respect part of the integrating mythology of our culture. Whether the popularity of *1984* will survive detente, however, is another question altogether. □

Jack Chatfield *teaches at the Watkinson School in Hartford.* . . . **Daniel Oliver** *is Executive Editor of* NR. . . . **Ronald De Feo** *is a frequent contributor to this section.* . . . *Book reviews are indexed in the* Book Review Index.

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Thinking about Crime
By James Q. Wilson
Basic Books, 231 pp., $10

CLARITY ABOUT CRIME, CLASS

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

If Professor Wilson's calm and lucid *Thinking about Crime* has a fault, it is tardiness: such a book is long overdue. If only we had had, five or ten years ago, such an incisive little volume to temper and tidy up a public discussion that had already gotten strident and unwieldy! And yet it is a timely book, for a reason it took me some time to fathom: Wilson's self-effacing, skeptical voice carries just the right tone to counteract all the bathetic Ramsey Clarkism we have grown accustomed to. His good sense is widely acknowledged; we should also note that he is a subtle rhetorician—an excellent thing in a sociologist.

This is fortunate, since what he says, had he said it flamboyantly, might have gotten him as unfriendly a reception as his sometime collaborator Edward Banfield got for *The Unheavenly City*. Banfield's influence seems evident here: Wilson is similarly realistic about human nature, and speaks of class attitudes as decisive in predisposing people to crime. "Man," he remarks, "is refractory enough to be unchangeable but reasonable enough to be adaptable." But he does not argue from such generalities; instead he flies close to the earth, opposing pungent observation to current ideologies. If crime is "an expression of the political rage of the dispossessed," he asks why it flourishes under all political systems, or how it explains the young purse-snatcher who victimizes a poor black woman on a subway. If poverty really causes crime, he asks why most poor people aren't thieves, or why theft should increase as prosperity increases. This approach, reasonable, inquiring, and without rancor, disarms cliché and puts it on the defensive in the most artful way.

Wilson is at pains to make himself appear equidistant from liberals and conservatives, by offering criticisms of slogans on both sides. But it is clear that, when the chips are down, he is on the side of us angels. The function of the prison, he says, is not to rehabilitate, but "to isolate and to punish." It is all very well to deplore white-collar crime, but "predatory street crime is a far more serious matter than consumer fraud," because it "makes difficult or impossible the maintenance of meaningful human communities." The concern for community is another urgent theme of the book. He argues that punishments, besides being effective, should "give appropriate expression to our moral concern over the nature of the offense," and that the evil of segregation is not so much that it separates whites and blacks as that it forces blacks of different classes together, putting the middle- and working-class black at the mercy of the lower (violent, vagrant, unpredictable) classes. (He is careful to quote a black writer in support of this view.)

IT IS ESPECIALLY interesting to note Professor Wilson's delicate handling of the subject of race. He thinks that much of what passes for race prejudice is better understood as class prejudice, race being for many people a rough index of class and cultural attitudes. Moreover (he goes on), many apparently racist remarks by elderly urban whites reflect their concern, maladroitly expressed to be sure, about an assault on their values—so that they can be said to be anti-black only in the sense that they would be likewise anti-student, anti-wino, or anti-whoever-floods-into-their-neighborhoods-and-makes-life-less-lovely. This strikes me as perceptive, but a little precious. One might as well say that, making due allowance for the principal variables, white anxieties about Negro migration patterns are realistic (which Wilson in effect does say at one point)—or, more bluntly, that race prejudice is what it is, and is in a broad sense justified by the facts.

But this would be a risky position for any academician with only one life to live, however preponderant the evidence in its favor. To assert it would be to endanger all that the tact and good sense of this book accomplish. *Thinking about Crime* will stand as both model and starting point for future discussion of law enforcement, and it would be ungrateful to ask for more than that. □

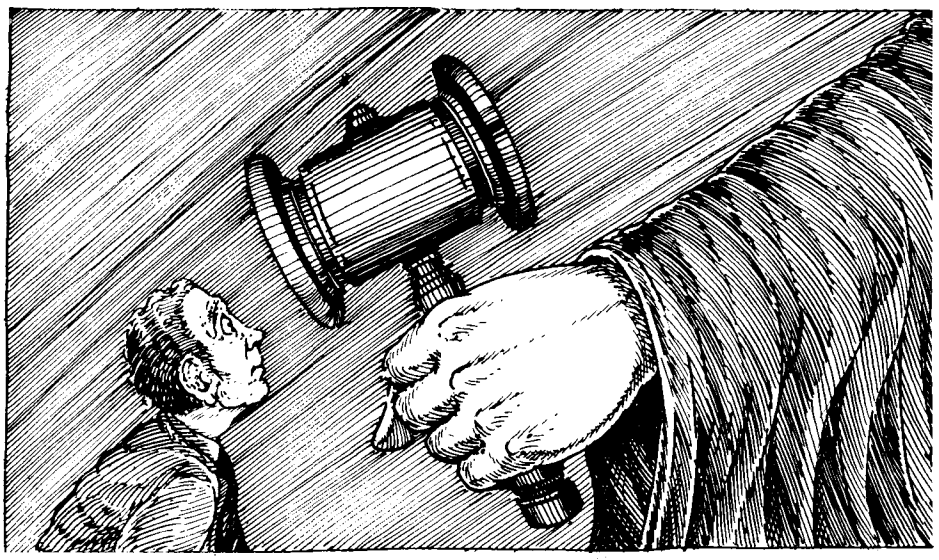
Partial Justice
By Willard Gaylin
Knopf, 244 pp., $7.95

THINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO SENTENCING

DANIEL OLIVER

President Ford has called for mandatory minimum sentences for certain violent or dangerous crimes and for certain multiple offenders, and there has been a predictable outcry from conservatives (in favor) and liberals (opposed). Both sides would do well to read Willard Gaylin's *Partial Justice*, a study of bias in sentencing that deals with the problem of disparate sentences' being given to people who commit like crimes.

Not all bias is bunk, not all people with biases are Archie Bunkers. You're biased, I'm biased, legislatures are



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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Abridged but still formidable is Richard Hooker's classic, *Of the Laws of Ecclesiastic Polity* (St. Martin's, $16.95). . . . Muggeridge's latest is big, illustrated, and among all his books surely the one he cares about most: *Jesus: The Man Who Lives* (Harper, $17.95). . . . Hugo Black Jr. recalls *My Father* (Random, $8.95). . . . Richard Ginder, once America's most widely read conservative priest, now surfaces with *Binding with Briars: Sex and Sin in the Catholic Church*, scores the Church for rigidity—especially on homosexuality (Prentice-Hall, $8.95).

■ RELIGIOUS PUBLISHING: Protestant books are booming, all of them on the conservative side theologically. No fewer than 26 titles have sold over one million copies in recent years, according to Christian News Service. Easily the champ: Kenneth Taylor, whose slangy translation, *The Living Bible*, had sold over 18 million copies by the end of 1974. The supersellers cover themes familiar in evangelical Protestantism: Scripture, self-help, exhortation, a dash of the apocalyptic. The clearest signal may be coming out of Harper & Row, whose religion department has long been a citadel of liberal Protestantism. Harper is launching Jubilee, a paperback line that will test the evangelical waters.

Catholic publishing presents a shabby contrast. Although there are roughly two Catholics for every three Protestants in the U.S., Catholic publishing was always an anemic kid sister. The miniboom of the postwar years became another casualty of Vatican II. Old Catholic houses crumbled. The survivors mostly live off the captive parochial-school market, now the plaything of Dewey's heirs. Image, premier Catholic paperback line, carries on, but its bestsellers all date from the Fifties. Is that a chuckle rising from the tomb of Pius XII—or a sob?

■ SPORTS BOOKS: Dick Aultman and Ken Bowden of *Golf Digest* searched out the secrets of the great ones, collate their findings in *The Methods of Golf's Masters* (Coward, Oct., $12.95). . . . *Tennis without Mistakes*, grandly promises Vince Eldred (Putnam, Oct., $8.95). . . . *From Cobb to "Catfish"* is an illustrated anthology from *Baseball Digest* (Rand McNally, Sept., $14.95). . . . Richard Schickel's *The World of Tennis* sounds handsome enough for the coffee table (Random, Oct., $19.95). . . . Ernest Schwiebert's *Trout* covers all, or more than, you'll ever want to know in 1,600 pages (Weybright, $35). . . . Henry Cotton's *History of Golf* boasts over 200 photos (Lippincott, Sept., $16.95). The same publisher offers Neil D. Isaacs' history of college basketball, *All the Moves* (Sept., $12.95). . . . Still the greatest, *Ty Cobb* is recalled by John D. McCallum (Praeger, Oct., $8.95).

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biased, societies are biased. Angela Davis is biased. So is George Wallace. So, and this is Gaylin's point, are judges—all judges. The point is not one that, given a bit of thought, you would be inclined to doubt; but I doubt you have considered the effect of a judge's bias on the sentences he gives out every day. The question is—the questions are—should we and can we do anything about it?

Dr. Gaylin (he is an MD, a practicing psychoanalyst) interviewed dozens of judges whose comments reveal the intellectual baggage they bring to the sentencing process. Judge Ravitz is a flaming radical who really believes the illness in our society lies not in individuals but in economic arrangements. The system is criminogenic and cannot be rehabilitative, and he sentences accordingly. Judge Garfield, an urbane, liberal intellectual who says the only two solutions to crime are ageing and the weather, also doubts that prisons rehabilitate. The sole purpose of prison is to incapacitate (i.e., to protect society); even so, he believes a sentence should rarely exceed five years. Judge Stone, on the other hand, a federal judge dealing primarily with white-collar (that is, non-assaultive) crime, speaks of leniency in terms of five- to ten-year sentences. Another judge concludes (erroneously, some think) that because only a small percentage of crimes are solved, only a small percentage of criminals are caught. Therefore, he says, sentences have no deterrent effect whatever, and *he* sentences accordingly. A black judge rejects the idea that blacks are political prisoners; another black judge thinks the lenient white judges are patronizing toward blacks.

WHAT CHANCE is there then that criminals who commit identical crimes will get identical sentences? None. Similar crimes, similar sentences? None. Do we fit penalties to crimes or to criminals? Or is what we are interested in the relationship between the crime and the criminal? Can mandatory sentences provided by the legislature discriminate between the hardened thief and the widow trying to feed her starving children? Should we consider only the law-abiding populace and tell the criminal he has forfeited his authority to object to disparate punishments?

Laws that provide a range of sentences do so to allow judges to exercise their discretion for the purpose of serving the cause of justice. But is justice served—and can we answer that without defining justice? Removing discretion from judges is a vote of no confidence in them, but it does not remove discretion from the system. It would only serve, says Gaylin, to weight the plea bargaining process, or determine which case the prosecutor prosecutes, or which criminals the police bring in. That is, it will move the discretion "down" the line, from the judge to the cop. Is that an improvement?

Dr. Gaylin has some suggestions—not answers, really—for what to do about the problem of disparate sentences; but, more important, he raises the issue of bias in a wonderfully mind-teasing way. He seduces you into fretting over the problem even if you're not troubled by his opening salvo ("One of the most glaring and provocative of inequities in a world not known for fairness is a disparity in punishment: when like individuals, committing like offenses, are treated differently") or his parting shot ("The inequity of the current system is an affront to conscience made particularly offensive since it is part of a process called justice"). I am not troubled: with punishment, as with reward, so long as it is appropriate for a particular person in a particular circumstance, it is not outrageous, not even unjust, that someone else is treated differently. That's the lesson of the parable of the laborers: that equality is not a necessary ingredient of justice. (The alternative, that God is not just but merciful, is not an argument for equality in sentencing either.)

The price of perfect justice, as Macklin Fleming made plain in the definitive book by that title, is chaos. Still, we may ask (cautiously) if our criminal justice system may be made better, if not perfect, and Dr. Gaylin does so. The Watergate sentences, like President Ford's call for certain mandatory minimum sentences, raised howls of protest from people who had never really thought about the intricacies of sentencing before. This book will make them think. □

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I, Pierre Rivière, having slaughtered my mother, my sister, and my brother . . . : A Case of Parricide in the Nineteenth Century
Edited by Michel Foucault
Pantheon, 288 pp., $10

ANATOMY OF A MURDER

RONALD DE FEO

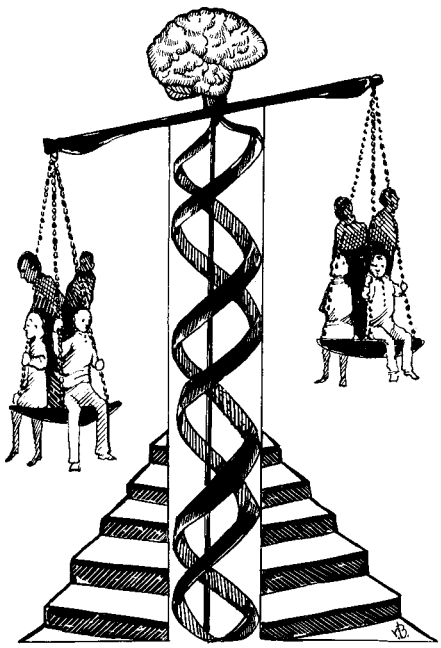
On a summer day in 1835, in a small house outside the French village of Aunay, Pierre Rivière, a twenty-year-old peasant, stabbed to death his mother, sister, and brother, and then fled to the woods, where he managed to elude police for a month. His attack had been a particularly fierce and brutal one: all three victims had been slashed deeply and repeatedly about the head and face. After Rivière was captured and interrogated, he was asked to make a written statement explaining his crime. This supposedly uneducated and stupid boy, who had long been considered the village idiot, produced a lucid and sophisticated memoir of some forty pages that was to surprise and puzzle police officials and create confusion and debate in the law courts.

The French philosopher Michel Foucault (*The Order of Things*, *The Archaeology of Knowledge*), who some years ago wrote *Madness and Civilization*, a brilliant history of insanity during the Age of Reason, first saw the Rivière memoir when he and a research team from the Collège de France were investigating material for a study of psychiatry and justice. That unique memoir forms the heart of this superb book, which also includes official police and court records of the case, along with eyewitness accounts, newspaper articles of the time, and medical statements and opinions. The last third of the volume is composed of articles written by Foucault and his team, which illuminate and explore various historical, medical, and philosophical aspects of the case.

From the very beginning Rivière was a problem for the officials, a bundle of contradictions and ambiguities. The young murderer had been characterized in the press as a beast and a savage. In their statements to police, villagers spoke of Pierre's inferior intelligence and withdrawn manner, told of how he would frighten children and torture small animals. They gave numerous examples of his obstinacy and his irrational behavior. In short, they painted a portrait of a young man who was, if not deranged, then certainly highly disturbed. Yet when interrogated by the police, Rivière responded with amazing clarity and logic, exhibiting, according to the report of the pretrial court, "distinct signs of intelligence and sagacity." He claimed that he had been ordered by God to kill his mother, thus freeing his father at last from her bitterness and cruelty. All very well. This peculiar type of divine inspiration clearly indicated derangement. But then Rivière quoted a Biblical passage that seemed to have been all too perfectly adapted to support his position.

His memoir only added to the problem of determining his mental state. We must remember that Rivière lived at a time when psychiatric knowledge was extremely limited and that his examiners were not quite prepared to deal with his contradictory personality. For some, as Foucault points out in the introduction, Rivière's text would serve as "a proof of rationality (and hence grounds for condemning him to death)" and for others, "a sign of madness (and hence grounds for shutting him up for life)." However, the text, like Pierre's behavior, is not so clear-cut. It is precisely that combination of the rational and the irrational, the logical and the illogical, that makes the memoir so fascinating and so difficult to come to grips with.

At one point Pierre will describe, with incredible powers of recall, arguments between his mother and father about land owned and debts incurred, and indicate the stifling atmosphere of his daily life; at another point he will give this explanation for killing his small brother: "my father though greatly horrified by it [the murder of the mother and sister] might yet regret me when he knew that I was dying for him, I knew that he loved the child [the brother] who was very intelligent, I thought to myself he will hold me in such abhorrence that he will rejoice in my death." The quote is a perfect example of how Pierre rationalizes an irrational act.



It could be noted that some parts of the memoir are not all that gripping and fascinating. And it is true that there are lengthy and finally tiring passages on the constantly battling, constantly separating parents. But then again this is an actual murderer's statement and not a short story. A man does emerge from these pages. And, as Jean-Pierre Peter and Jeanne Favret observe in their excellent article, Rivière "found a tone, a rhythm, a breathing . . . for describing suffocation."

WHAT TO DO WITH this simple man, this complex man, this common criminal, this madman? The opinion was divided, but finally he was sentenced to death. He continued, however, to puzzle the courts, and he was granted, somewhat unexpectedly, a reprieve. Isolated in prison from other inmates, he took the opportunity one October day in 1840 to hang himself.

The articles by Foucault and his research group are particularly valuable, for they add dimension to the case, place it in an historical context, and stimulate the reader to reconsider and re-examine what he has just read. Foucault's own article on the nature of Rivière's narrative and its relationship to his crime is, like much of his philosophical writing, suggestive but a bit dense, and it does demand a careful reading. Most of the other articles are more accessible and concrete. Blandine Barret-Kriegel draws a parallel between Rivière and Fieschi (the would-be assassin of King Louis-Philippe), indicating how the parricide case affected the regicide case and vice versa. Patricia Moulin explains why the newly established doctrine of extenuating circumstances was denied in the Rivière case. Robert Castel examines the "texture of

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discourse" to show how facts were twisted and molded to fit pre-established notions of the murderer.

All of the articles, reflective and meditative in nature, try to make some sense out of what happened and why it happened. At times, however, several of the authors stress Rivière's "rationality" somewhat too strongly. A logical conclusion to be drawn from their position would be that any murderer who produces a lucid explanation of his crime must be considered rational. But if that is the case then how do we describe a person who suffers from similar pressures but does not commit murder to alleviate them? □

FICTION

Long Distance
By Penelope Mortimer
Doubleday, 204 pp., $6.95

SHORT SLOG

RENE KUHN BRYANT

In the name of effective reviewing, it would be a good thing, I feel sure, to be able to state firmly just what Penelope Mortimer's new novel, *Long Distance*, is about. It would perhaps be helpful merely to postulate what it *seems* to be about, or to suggest what I think she thinks it's about.

But the plain truth is that unless you are a gypsy or a psychiatrist, *Long Distance* is unlikely to hold much interest, one way or another. It resembles nothing so much as an endlessly detailed and relentlessly recounted dream. And except for those with a professional curiosity about them, other people's dreams are apt to prove fairly tiresome in the telling, filled as they are with peculiar strangers, eccentric landscapes, and second-hand symbolism.

The setting of *Long Distance* may be a mental hospital. And then again, it may not. It may be just a country hotel, or a convalescent home, or a sanitarium. The unnamed narrator (and in the ideal society novels where the first-person narrator has no name would be pulped on publication) may be an inmate. Or a guest. Or a patient. Or an agent. Or none of these. All that occurs to her in the course of these pages, which is not a great deal, may take place just as it's told. Or it may have taken place in some other setting or several other settings. Or it may be still to happen. Or it may have happened to someone else entirely. Or it may all be simply the output of a disordered mind that was not an especially interesting one in the first place. The other figures in the novel may exist or they may be only characters conjured up by the narrator. The time may be the present, give or take a century or so.

If all this opacity could be said to have been put to some satisfying fictional purpose, it might prove tolerable. If, despite their ambiguities, the characters emerged as vivid or forceful or moving or even amusing, their lack of motivation might be acceptable. If the writing were brilliant, the observations original, much could be set aside as unimportant. Or even if, despite its wandering weightlessness, the reader could be persuaded to take *Long Distance* as a provocative metaphor for current life, reading it might result in something more than enormous ennui.

A tiny, unobtrusive note opposite the title page of *Long Distance* advises that "This novel appeared originally in *The New Yorker* in somewhat different form." Which may explain a good deal. And then again, it may not. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE LOVING FRIENDS, *A Portrait of Bloomsbury, by David Gadd (Harcourt, 210 pp., $6.95).* David Gadd started out with a great idea: to write, not an intellectual history, but a Baedeker to Bloomsbury, pointing out the principal monuments and curiosities for the sake of those who were put off by the imposingness of Michael Holroyd's two volumes on Lytton Strachey, Quentin Bell's big book on Virginia Woolf, Leonard Woolf's five volumes of autobiography. But in compressing this mass of material into a slim volume, and in deliberately avoiding much discussion of what these people thought and wrote, he winds up painting a group portrait so unattractive that I can't imagine anyone who didn't already know Bloomsbury finishing this book, let alone going on to Holroyd or Bell or Woolf. Mr. Gadd hasn't learnt from his subjects that to convince a reader you musn't merely tell him, you must show him. Thus, he tells us from time to time that Virginia Woolf was witty and loving and fun, but the only incidents he details show her being bitchy, unfunny, and cruel. He describes Roger Fry's affair with (Mrs.) Vanessa Bell, but doesn't mention, for example, Roger Fry hilariously trying to teach E. M. Forster how to look at pictures. He gives us a sense of the querulousness of Lytton Strachey's life, but not the dignity of his death. *The Loving Friends* is useful for its overview, and I liked the section on Ralph Partridge. But I wish Mr. Gadd had taken an extra fifty pages to justify his title.

LINDA BRIDGES

THE NEW WORLD OF ECONOMICS, *by Richard B. McKenzie and Gordon Tullock (Irwin, 284 pp., $4.95).* Several decades ago, a Marxist economist (pardon the contradiction) designed a "kinked" demand curve to explain a phenomenon that didn't exist. George Stigler later showed that the kink was in the economist's head. The McKenzie-Tullock book contains a particularly kinky demand curve, which describes the market for sex. If that doesn't get the student's attention, there are quite serious and convincing discussions of about twenty subjects that seem far removed from economics—including the economic aspects of crime, cheating and lying, and (somewhat redundantly) presidential elections. The general approach is to apply the economist's tools—such as supply and demand, and cost as the alternatives forgone—to describing and predicting human behavior in situations far outside the narrow world of commerce. For those who appreciate a novel and challenging approach to practical problems, some effort invested in these chapters can be quite rewarding, even fun.

ALAN REYNOLDS

J. M. SYNGE'S GUIDE TO THE ARAN ISLANDS, *edited by Ruth Wills Shaw (Devin-Adair, 128 pp., paperback, $3.95).* Off the western edge of the Irish mainland, between Galway Bay and the Atlantic, are the fabled Aran Islands. Here is a fascinating survival of ancient Celtic life and culture including natively spoken Gaelic in its purest form (though most natives speak English too). The Arans are a treasure of the monuments of pre-Christian and Christian antiquity, including many great fortresses or duns and a plenitude of churches from the centuries when the whole Christian world knew the Arans as the "Islands of the Saints." But most interesting of all, perhaps, are the people who today inhabit these islands. Ruth Wills Shaw, a regular and enthusiastic visitor to the islands, has rearranged John Millington Synge's turn of the century classic *The Aran Islands* for today's reader. A central figure in the Irish literary revival movement, Synge put to paper his keen and beautifully moving impressions of the Arans and their people. Mrs. Shaw has added a wealth of information for today's traveler.

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[GERALD] KREFETZ:

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often offered the Arabs. More importantly, Singer's conclusion that the Arabs would maximize present value by rapidly converting the oil resource into hostage capital rests on a large number of highly dubious implicit assumptions. To take but one case: would Saudi Arabia really be better off if it destroyed the basis for a petrochemical industry, as Singer advises?

Nor is merit to be found in his intriguingly moral suggestion that the Arab rulers grab the cash and make a run for it. As in the West, leaders come and go; but the Arab people remain, and they will continue to own the oil. Moreover, as the history of other areas illustrates, oil converted into large treasury balances generates more political and military turmoil than does oil in the earth.

Washington, D.C. PHILIP D. BRADLEY

Mideast Distinctions

You don't have to endorse terrorism in order to understand the distinction between the assassination of Lord Moyne and the random murders of Arab terrorists ["Their Terrorism and Ours," July 18]. Moyne was a leading figure in the effort to keep Jews out of Palestine during World War II. The triumph of his views meant detention, homelessness, and death to those people who escaped the ovens.

That does not excuse his murder, but it sheds some light on why his killers are regarded as patriots. When you equate that with the senseless slaughter of civilians, children, tourists, etc. as practiced by the Arab terrorists, you show a remarkable callousness to the distinctions people die for. I would hardly cheer if those terrorists assassinated some leading Israeli—but I would understand the difference. And so would you—in any case except one involving Israel.

Beverly Hills, Calif. SAUL DAVID

Our Allies and Theirs

"Vietnam's Military Lesson" [June 6] argues that it's absurd to send U.S. troops into combat with the cheap mass-produced armies available to our adversaries. Instead, let's offer them only material aid and dollars.

There's some sense to this. The Russians seem to make it work. But boyoboy, there's a difference between us and the Russians!

1. The USSR *never* adopts so lofty and detached an attitude toward a chess piece. It *never* says to itself, "If these crumbs can't stand up for themselves, to hell with them!" If they can't organize themselves properly to fight, the USSR sees to it that *somebody* does.

2. The democratic method of national organization (e.g., South Korea, South Vietnam) takes time. It takes time exactly because it *is* a method of freedom. Nobody forces the citizens to have media receivers of any kind, let alone listen to them.

Democracy has a long, slow "gestation period." And during that period, it is as vulnerable as any embryo without parental protection to attack from hostile outside agents. By contrast, the totalitarian "gestation period" is lightning-fast. Overnight, it generates the intense loyalties and unities that appeared in Cuba, in Hitlerian Germany, in Fascist Italy.

3. Although the Russians are indeed careful not to waste good fighting men on wars against mass-produced armies, they have no hesitation about exacting sacrifices from their people. But with a democracy, combat is just one of the sacrifices the government dares not ask of us. It also dares not ask us to lower our standard of living.

Nor does your editorial, "Vietnam's Military Lesson."

It requires no sacrifice from Americans. Nobody gets sent overseas or gets drafted. Nobody loses a job or gets his income cut. Our allies will do all the fighting and dying, and if they don't perform properly, serves 'em right.

I think *NR* can do better. *NR* can tell America that sacrifices will be made. Either now, when there's some hope of a payoff from them—or later, when there's no choice and no hope at all.

NR might get away with it. It's as certain as the sunrise that no politician will.

Long Beach, Calif. ALFRED B. MASON

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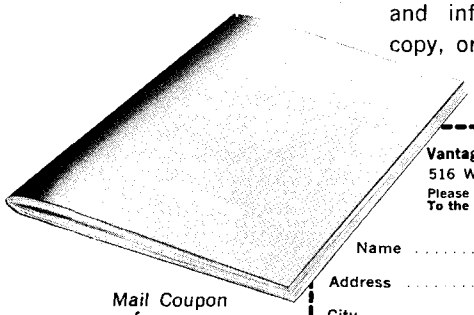

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

The Helsinki Document

New York, July 31—It is a high piece of gallows humor that the 35 chefs who concocted the Helsinki security treaty spent hours and hours over the inflections of its phrases. On one occasion they met an impasse: a couple of countries simply wouldn't agree on how a particular thought should be communicated. So they came up with a wonderful solution to that problem—how about wording the problem sentence incoherently? Everybody sighed with relief, and the result was: "That such cooperation, with due regard to the different levels of economic development, can be developed, on the basis of equality and mutual satisfaction of the partners and of reciprocity permitting, as a whole, an equitable distribution of advantages and obligations of comparable scale, with respect for bilateral and multilateral agreements." Nobody is going to invoke that sentence to do anything to anybody, ever, in protest against anything.

As a matter of fact, I can only think of a single political document the exact formulation of which has meant as much as life and death itself for human beings, and that is the United States Constitution, on whose least inflection sits the scaffolding of myriad decisions of the Supreme Court. All other political instruments tend to have a symbolic importance, if they have any importance at all; and, most usually, they are attractive nuisances. The Soviet Union ratified the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and its social and economic counterpart in the fall of 1973 without the least attraction to its obligations—indeed, it serves the Soviet Union primarily as a catalogue of human rights they can deprive people of, lest, carelessly, they forget, and inadvertently permit a human right to survive in the Soviet state.

Even so, if we take the arguments of C. L. Sulzberger and A. Solzhenitsyn up against the arguments of G. Ford and H. Kissinger, there is no question who wins. The critics of the Helsinki operation are saying very simply that the *effect* of the entire exercise is to sanctify the status quo. This means a great many things, but primarily that the captive nations will continue under Soviet domination, and never mind that the Soviet empire continues to seek to subvert the governments of other countries and to upset the status quo elsewhere. The State Department's argument that, after all, the Helsinki document authorizes peaceable changes in existing boundaries is about as relevant as the argument of an abolitionist in 1789 to the effect that the Constitution, while authorizing slavery, also set up a mechanism for amending the Constitution.

The fact of the matter is that day after day, month after month, the Soviet Union emerges as resolute, strong, impervious, condescending even; while the United States loses its allies in huge hunks of the world as a result of an ineptitude so colossal it can only issue, as the great Cassandra of our generation predicted twenty years ago, from a fatal internal weakness. He sensed, Whittaker Chambers said in his autobiography describing the day he left the Communist Party, that he was leaving the winning side, in order to join the losing side. History has tiresomely confirmed the correctness of his judgment.

IT IS EASY to understand a lot of things. Easy to understand, for instance, why the United States would not or could not go to war to save Hungary, or to save Czechoslovakia; easy, even, to understand why, at the margin, we simply packed up and left Indochina, never mind our treaty obligations and the rest of it. What is not easy to understand is the air of jubilation we crank up every time we get fleeced. When the principal foreign writer for the *New York Times* is appalled by our tergiversation in Helsinki, it is time for a quite general alarm. Why was it necessary? Because West Germany, France, and England wanted us to go to Helsinki? Well, assuming we did not dare risk their displeasure, why send President Ford over there with cases of champagne? Why couldn't Ford, while visiting in Auschwitz, read aloud the provisions of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and ask the question openly: What is the point of yet another document, when the document formulated 25 years ago, ratified in the Soviet Union two years ago, goes unremarked except at synthetic celebrations at the United Nations where no one dares address the Soviet delegate about his country's violations of it?

After a while, Neville Chamberlain stopped celebrating Nazi Germany's successes. Why is it necessary for us to continue to celebrate the successes of the Soviet Union? Do we believe that by so doing we can transmute them into successes for the free world? The most appropriate gesture, at Helsinki, would have been to decline to accept an English translation of the 106-page document. Why not just let it circulate in Russian, for the personal delight of Leonid Brezhnev? After all, who else has anything to celebrate? □

THE GUILT OF ALGER HISS

New York, August 4—I suppose if Jack Ruby had enough free lawyers bobbing about him, plus a phony civil liberties committee, plus half the native egghead population desperate to believe him innocent, they would have us all believing, in due course, that he didn't in fact kill Lee Harvey Oswald: that it was his double; or a plot by the networks; or by Curtis Lemay.

When you think of it, it is hard to get unanimity of opinion on the guilt of anybody. It is an old story nowadays that Oswald didn't kill the first Kennedy, a not-so-old but robust thesis that Sirhan didn't kill the second Kennedy; there is growing suspicion that James Earl Ray didn't kill Martin Luther King, that what's-his-name wasn't the real culprit in the attempted killing of George Wallace, that Bruno Hauptmann didn't really kidnap the Lindbergh baby, that the Rosenbergs weren't really guilty, that the people who were hanged for it weren't really accomplices of John Wilkes Booth—on back through Dreyfus, to Socrates himself (who was in fact guilty under Athenian law).

All the more useful, under the circumstances, is an article of overwhelming sobriety published in the current issue of *Commentary* magazine. It is called very simply, "Was Alger Hiss

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Guilty?" and it could have been written by a computer, so dry and factual is it, so obsessively concerned to drain every last bit of bias out of the recounting of the story.

In fact it is written by a professor of law at Cornell, Mr. Irving Younger, who has served as an attorney in private practice and as an assistant United States attorney and as judge in both the civil and criminal courts in New York City. Mr. Younger has taught Evidence at both Columbia and New York Universities and he says that the question: was Alger Hiss guilty? requires, finally, that you the juror take a position on ten contradictions that emerged from the sea of testimony.

Mr. Younger concludes that in respect of the first five the evidence is moot: you cannot find against Mr. Hiss without reasonable doubt. The sixth weighs in favor of Hiss. The seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth convict Hiss.

Number seven was the famous rug, given by Chambers to Hiss as an expression of gratitude from the Communist Party. Independent testimony confirms that the rug was bought, and accepted by Hiss. Hiss's explanation of his possession of it was unreasonable beyond a reasonable doubt.

The eighth was the matter of Hiss's giving Chambers $400 to buy a second-hand car. The records reveal that Hiss withdrew $400 in cash four days before Chambers paid $400 in cash for a car. Coincidence is unreasonably strained, given the surrounding narrative, by insisting that the two transactions were discrete.

The ninth was the earlier transfer of Hiss's old Ford, which he desired philanthropically to donate for the general use of a Communist operative. Hiss said he gave the car to Chambers. The records show that Hiss himself signed a transfer assigning title to the Cherner Motor Company, which thereupon reassigned the car to one William Rosen, but left the transaction out of the record books. William Rosen, summoned to the stand, refused to say whether he was a Communist.

We approach Götterdämmerung, namely, the typewriter. A huge amount of publicity has been given to the typewriter, the insinuated assumption among pro-Hiss people being either that Whittaker Chambers himself forged the typewriter, or else that the FBI did.

What is especially tantalizing about it all is that, preposterous though it is, it wouldn't actually alter the matter if it happened to be so. Because what nailed Hiss was the indisputable identity between the typewriter used in the mid-Thirties by Priscilla Hiss to write letters to Bryn Mawr on alumnae business, and the typewriter used during the same period to write paraphrases and copies of secret State Department documents turned over to Chambers.

Perhaps the next step is for one of Alger Hiss's lawyers to claim that Whittaker Chambers posed as the secretary of the Bryn Mawr Alumnae Association in 1938 for the purpose of ambushing Hiss in 1948. I have no doubt there are many people around who would believe it. □

COUNSELOR HISS

New York, August 6—Hard on the heels of a dispatch from this quarter detailing the irrefutable logic of the conviction of Alger Hiss comes the order from the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court reinstating Mr. Hiss to the practice of the law in Massachusetts. The opinion of the Chief Justice, Joseph Tauro, is a beacon of confusion. If it sets the tone of Massachusetts justice, one can conclude that that is the only state in which Alger Hiss is fit to practice law.

When last November Hiss applied for reinstatement, the State Board of Bar Overseers heard the appeal, meditated on it, expressed "personal sympathy" for Hiss, commended his "upright and persuasive bearing," but concluded that he should not be readmitted—"so long as the petitioner asserts his innocence."

But the Supreme Judicial Court said that to reason thus was to suspend Hiss in a "cruel quandary." "Simple fairness and fundamental justice demand that the person who believes he is innocent though convicted should not be required to confess to a criminal act he honestly believes he did not commit."

Now that happens to be a revolutionary doctrine, always assuming that Judge Tauro uses words with the kind of care judges are supposed to give to the use of words. I happen to believe that disbarment for life is too severe a punishment to administer to anybody for almost any crime. It has the effect of all but depriving a man of the means of earning his living.

If Judge Tauro had said that Hiss had suffered enough as a penalty for the sins he committed in lying in 1948, I'd have agreed with him. But carried away by his compassion, Judge Tauro ended in a rhetorical overdrive that propelled him into sheer mindlessness. Hiss does not "honestly believe" he did not commit a crime. To suggest that is to suggest that Hiss is incapacitated for the practice of law by virtue of his utter inability a) to recall his own activities during the Thirties, and b) to weigh the evidence furnished against him at his own trial. Does Judge Tauro believe that Hiss "honestly believes" that the federal courts, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and presumably even the President of the United States, concerted to frame Alger Hiss? Because that is exactly what Hiss alleges in effect. If he honestly alleges that, then he is qualified not to practice law in Massachusetts, but to stroll in the gardens of cuckooland, always assuming there is a difference.

Why didn't Judge Tauro at least take the precaution of asking Hiss if he would submit to a truth test? That way he could have discovered whether Hiss "honestly" believed himself guilty. We get to a higher order of complication. Marxian ethics is very clear on the subject of truth and non-truth. Truth is defined as that which enhances the revolutionary struggle. If Mr. Hiss is still a Communist, and one supposes that this is the most plausible explanation for his behavior, then he doesn't believe that he was guilty. Stalin never believed himself to be guilty. Nor, as a matter of fact, did Hitler. They were all struggling to arrive at a "higher truth."

There is the further point, neglected by Judge Tauro. If Hiss honestly believes himself to be innocent, and if the word "honestly" is used in the conventional, extra-ideological sense, then he honestly believes that the courts in this country are entirely corrupt. Every argument on the basis of which Hiss has asserted his innocence has been thoroughly examined by Judge Tauro's peers in the federal court system, and unanimously the verdict has been that Hiss was fairly tried.

And this leads one to a final point: In being summoned to compassion for Alger Hiss, why is not thought given to his victims? If Hiss is innocent, then Judge Tom Murphy is a swine. To say nothing of Whittaker Chambers. Yes, he is dead these many years, but his widow is not, nor his two children. Mrs. Chambers, a reclusive woman of great idealism and tenderness, testified in detail about her friendship with Hiss and his family, and supplied many of the details that gave circumstantial strength to a case finally settled by irremovable proof. Hiss's maintenance of his own innocence necessarily suggests a foul complicity by Mrs. Chambers among others in his conviction. Judge Tauro manifestly gave no thought to these ethical parsings of his decision. Well, it is better, after all, that his decision, given the result, should have been thoughtless rather than considered. □

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A. A collection of twenty-seven books — 4 8 105 120 129 139 152 203 209 223 230 12

B. Arrival — 17 207 171 167 108 85

C. One of the Roman emperors — 70 13 37 54 115 121 149 158 222 60 100 132 138 155

D. An establishment — 83 14 20 176 198 211 31 187 237 165 73

E. In a compliant manner — 95 43 110 150 200 208 221 226 143 81

F. A Christian — 103 97 68 75 148 178 134 195

G. One of the Roman emperors — 114 44 142 90 55 236 11 101

H. A Sixteenth Century religious leader — 124 188 201 30 217 45

I. Sometimes a government official, but usually connected with sports — 7 15 89 3 24 27 35

J. A member of a well-established non-Catholic church — 38 116 133 177 29 57 197 205 216 233 65 87

K. A writer who foresaw the landing on the Moon — 22 46 9 214 174

L. Certain frozen desserts — 181 135 154 109

M. World-wide in extent and influence — 186 39 48 169 179 206 67 125 215 204

N. A toiler — 25 117 50 18 156 185

O. A type of church government — 33 40 76 88 98 6 64 47 16 59 10 28 102 113

P. Migratory workers — 153 62 78 126 172 231

Q. The art or science of building — 168 63 58 26 86 93 107 122 164 112 130 137

R. A member of a certain church; also the name of the church — 199 192 5 51 66 92 123 147 194 210 61 157 111

S. Unyielding — 212 136 238 190 80 160 202 131 77

T. An Eighteenth Century religious leader — 219 1 19 104 23 141 166 224 189 183

U. A member of a non-Catholic church — 173 220 232 34 213 163 71 82 193

V. Many great poems and other literary gems are attributed to this writer — 184 239 72 182 144 41 170 161 36

W. What too many of us express on but one day a year — 191 2 69 91 180 225 235 118 127 151 196 218

X. Restraint — 229 96 106 119 159 53 84 140 21 146

Y. The leader of a famous mutiny — 49 227 32 94 74 234 145 79 162

Z. Any department of systematized knowledge — 56 52 99 42 175 128 228

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 952 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 T	2 W	3 I	4 A		5 R	6 O	7 I	8 A		9 K	10 O	11 G	12 A	13 C	14 D	15 I		16 O
17 B	18 N	19 T	20 D		21 X	22 K	23 T	24 I		25 N	26 Q	27 I	28 O		29 J	30 H	31 D	32 Y	33 O
34 U	35 I	36 V		37 C	38 J	39 M	40 O	41 V	42 Z		43 E	44 G	45 H	46 K	47 O	48 M	49 Y	50 N	51 R
52 Z	53 X	54 C	55 G		56 Z	57 J	58 Q	59 O	60 C	61 R		62 P	63 Q	64 O	65 J	66 R	67 M	68 F	69 W
70 C	71 U	72 V	73 D	74 Y		75 F	76 O	77 S		78 P	79 Y	80 S	81 E	82 U	83 D	84 X	85 B	86 Q	87 J
88 O		89 I	90 G	91 W	92 R	93 Q	94 Y	95 E	96 X	97 F	98 O	99 Z	100C	101G		102O	103F	104T	
105A	106X	107Q	108B		109L	110E	111R	112Q	113O	114G	115C		116J	117N	118W	119X	120A	121C	122Q
123R	124H		125M	126P	127W	128Z	129A	130Q	131S	132C		133J	134F	135L	136S	137Q	138C	139A	140X
141T	142G	143E	144V		145Y	146X	147R	148F	149C	150E	151W		152A	153P	154L	155C	156N		157R
158C		159X	160S	161V	162Y	163U		164Q	165D		166T	167B		168Q		169M	170V	171B	172P
173U	174K	175Z	176D		177J	178F	179M	180W	181L	182V	183T		184V		185N	186M	187D	188H	189T
190S		191W	192R		193U	194R	195F		196W	197J	198D	199R	200E	201H	202S	203A	204M		205J
206M	207B		208E	209A	210R	211D	212S	213U	214K	215M	216J		217H	218W	219T	220U	221E	222C	223A
	224T	225W		226E	227Y	228Z		229X	230A	231P	232U	233J	234Y	235W	236G	237D	238S	239V	

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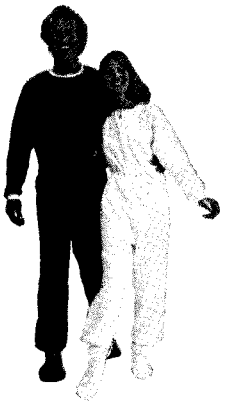

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Ladies' Sizes	
If height is:	Choose:
up to 5'2"	S
5'2" to 5'4"	M
5'4" to 5'6"	L
over 5'6"	XL

Men's Sizes	
If height is:	Choose:
up to 5'6"	S
5'6" to 5'9"	M
5'9" to 6'0"	L
over 6'	XL

This garment is warranted for one full year's normal wear. Refund or replacement when returned with tag and proof of purchase to Monsanto.

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Add $2 per garment for shipping and handling. Specify men's or ladies'.
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- ☐ BankAmericard
- ☐ American Express
- ☐ Diners Club
- ☐ Master Charge Bank No. _____

Ladies' (Z-230243A)		Men's (Z-240044A)	
Quantity	Color	Men's or Ladies'	Size

Account # _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

PRINT NAME _____

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Milliken's **Flexagon** Carpet Tiles awarded **IBD** First Prize for Floor Coverings.

Once again, for the second year in a row, a major award of the prestigious Institute of Business Designers has been won by Milliken. The product honored is Flexagon, a new geometric design in Milliken's MILSTAR® Custom Squares, free-lay tiles with pile of 100% Antron® nylon. Flexagon is so versatile that, for the first time ever, an almost infinite multiplicity of patterns is provided by a single design.

Cited by the IBD for their design achievement were Daniel C. Stark, Milliken's Director of Styling and Design, and David Oakey, Designer. The award-winning design is one of a number of remarkable new patterns made possible by the revolutionary Millitron™ Computer Injection Dyeing development from Milliken Research, America's largest textile research and development organization.

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